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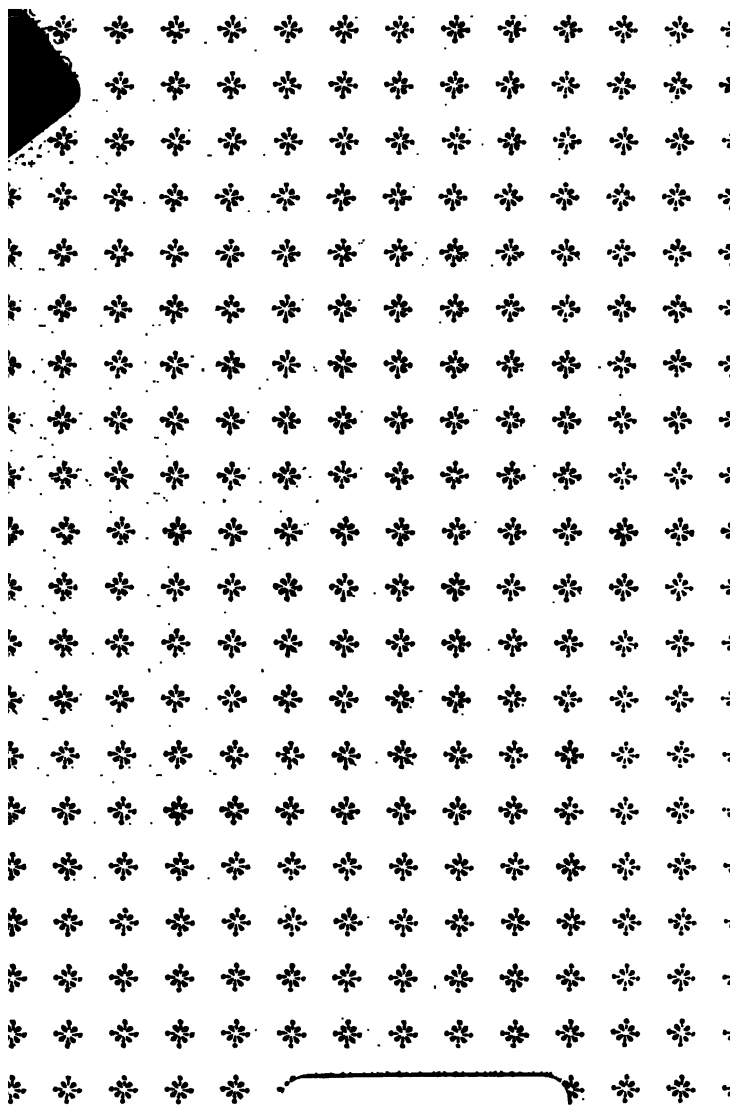
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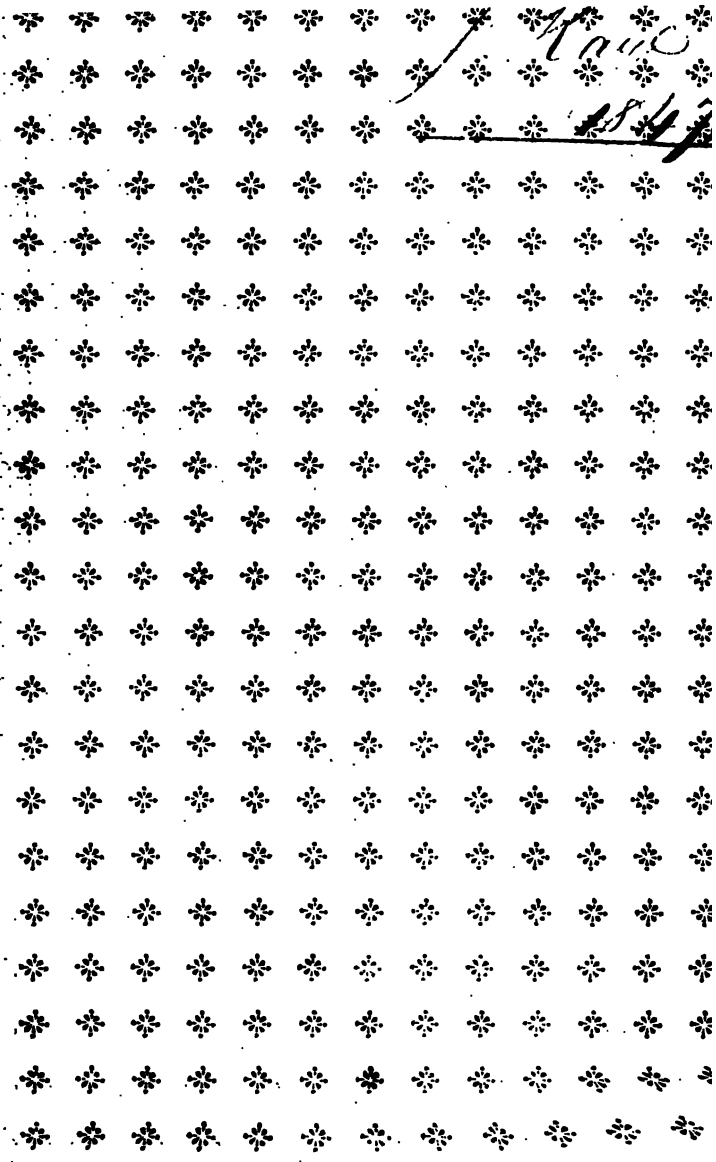
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P O E M S,
OR
AMUSEMENTS IN RHYME,

WRITTEN AT VARIOUS PERIODS,
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1815 AND 1845.

**"Me Poetry (or rather notes, that aim,
Feebly and vainly, at poetic fame)
Employs."**

BY PAUL RODGERS.

SHEFFIELD:
THOMAS RODGERS, 11, FRUIT-MARKET.

1845.

JOHN BRIDGEFORD, PRINTER, SHEFFIELD.



TO
GEORGE CALVERT HOLLAND, Esq., M.D.,
WHO, IN SPITE OF CONVENTIONAL BIGOTRY
HAS DARED TO PURSUE SCIENCE NOT MADE ORTHODOX
BY TIME;
WHO, IN SPITE OF EXCITED POPULAR FEELING,
AND BITTER PARTY PREJUDICES,
HAS MAINTAINED WHAT HE CONCEIVED TO BE TRUTH
INVIOLETE;
AND, WHO, NOTWITHSTANDING THE SNEER
OF A LATE NOBLE POET,
BECAME A "MÆCENAS" TO A "SHOEMAKER,"
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,
BY HIS HUMBLE FRIEND AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN an individual unknown to fame presumes to publish a book, he should, if he writes a preface at all, avoid false modesty on the one hand, and groundless self-confidence on the other. If, at the commencement, he tells his readers, in effect, that what he is offering to their attention is worthless, he no more deserves regard than if he disgusts them by boasting. The writer's only proper plan is to state honestly on what grounds he has deliberately given to the world his own thoughts. By so doing he may save readers the trouble of a tedious and unprofitable perusal, or may induce them, perhaps, to proceed with more interest than they would otherwise have felt. For these reasons I shall endeavour to give a brief account of this humble literary production.

The Essays and Scraps of which it is composed, have been written at different periods, between the

years 1815 and 1845. While a few of them, I hope, may be deemed worthy of the name of poetry, a large portion cannot aspire to a higher title than that of tolerable versification. For the pieces of earliest date I crave the particular forbearance of the critical reader. It will naturally be inferred that they are published more on account of local associations, than for any real merit they possess. Indeed, few men at the age of 57 would think of publishing, as patterns of intellectual attainment, what they wrote at 25.

It will be observed that many of the themes selected for my youthful compositions are of a religious character, but the attentive reader will not fail to notice important discrepancies in the opinions expressed or implied in different parts of the book. To the Methodists, amongst whom I was brought up, and with whom I was pleasantly connected for many years, I retain a constant and deep feeling of respect: and certain I am, could the same belief have been preserved by any legitimate efforts of my own understanding, the pleasant and prolonged intercourse with the friends of my youth, would not have been broken by any choice of

mine. Convictions, however, are the mandates of Heaven, and must be obeyed.

I cannot avoid expressing a slight sense of regret that the last ten or twelve years have passed away without my having attempted to write some long poem of a less ephemeral nature than the "Exhibition Committee," and that I cannot present to my readers many pieces of greater interest than the fifteen "Enigmas" with which my volume concludes. My apology to myself—and I offer the same to my reader—is, during the latter period of my life, when my capabilities have perhaps been somewhat less inefficient than formerly, business has occupied nearly the whole of my time and energies, and the little of these which I have had to spare have been devoted to light reading, or to composition intended chiefly for relaxation. My book, such as it is, now goes forth. It will probably excite little interest out of the immediate neighbourhood.

I will here acknowledge that to the literary and leading men of Sheffield I consider myself under peculiar obligation. Ever since they knew me, these gentlemen have—without in the least taxing my feelings

of independence—generously given to the fruits of my humble efforts a higher degree of notice than even my own vanity could anticipate. Till the age of 44 my life was spent in an obscure country village. It is true, in these circumstances my advantages were by no means trifling. To my old and still attached friend, the Rev. Francis Hall, Incumbent of Greasbrough, as well as to other Greasbrough and Rotherham friends, I owe more than words can express. But I well remember, when, in former days, I used to pay occasional visits to Sheffield, on matters of business, inwardly regretting that not one of its illustrious literary characters was personally known to me. Little, however, did I then comprehend what Sheffield was, and to what extent the exalted sympathies of human nature exist among its generally enlightened inhabitants ; and still less could I foresee how largely I was myself destined to partake of their generous regard.

PAUL RODGERS.

Bow Street, July 25th, 1845.

GREASBROUGH INGS, OR, AN EXCURSION TO NEW PARK GATE.

GREASBRO' INGS formerly consisted of from 100 to 200 acres of meadow land, in a low situation, at the eastern extremity of the township. It belongs, wholly, or chiefly, to Earl Fitzwilliam. Previous to the late changes the land was in the occupation of various tenants, in the same way as a town field. Situated in a valley, and without a house or inhabitant within a considerable distance, the locality was remarkably secluded. About the year 1788 the first inroad was made upon its silence and loneliness by the making of a canal to the old Greasbro' Colliery; but the complete encroachment, and that to which the poem refers, commenced from twenty to twenty-four years ago, when the Park Gate Coal Pits, the Forges, the Steel Works, the various rows of Houses, &c., &c., wrought such a change as none but the older inhabitants of the neighbourhood can conceive.

AND thus it is!—Time in his mighty range,
As on he moves, works every varied change;

This lonely valley, where no cot had stood
Since Julius Cæsar, or since Noah's Flood ;
Where prowling wolves, long since, and lately sheep,
Have found their food, their pastime, and their sleep ;
Where roamed the colt, untaught as yet to toil ;
Where foot of man trod seldom o'er the soil ;
Where oft at eve the thrush has told his tale,
And, at the midnight hour the nightingale :
Now in the self same spot the basin wide
Bears many a vessel on its ample tide,
Where solid ground once bore the goodly cow,
The sailor's wife now turns the vessel's prow ;
Where springs of water ne'er were known to fail,
There flows, in draughts as copious, good brown ale ;
Where sang in swampy ground the toad at night,
There sings as sweetly many a drunken wight ;
Where rooks for worms have biltered in the mire,
The swarthy forgerman stirs the liquid fire ;
Where hawks have hovered o'er their prey on high,
The smoke ascending darkens all the sky ;
Where oft the snake devoured the toad obscene,
There wives, for breakfast, sip Bohea, or green ;

There where the timid hare once took his nap,
The workman's hammer echoes rap ! rap ! rap !
Where Silence,—save the noise that nature made—
Has ever reign'd, there bustles busy trade ;
And birds, and beasts, and reptiles, flee in wonder,
To hear the anvil's roar and forge's thunder !

But let us follow down the winding vale,
Along the margin of the smooth canal,
Where, in my boyish days, devoid of care,
With hook and line I wander'd free as air ;*
Oh ! happy days, that childhood thus enjoys ;
No fears come o'er them, and no guilt annoys ;
When, e'en from disappointment vigour springs,
And Hope remounts on Resolution's wings :
Like light-heel'd mirth the jocund spirits play,

* Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law rhymers, was, at the period referred to, well acquainted, as a fisherman, &c., with the same locality. I well remember him, when I was about ten, and he about the age of eighteen. Nor have I ever lost the recollection of his remarkably elastic step, and of his upright, manly, and independent gait—perfectly typical, if not indicative, of his future mental career.

Or, as bright sunbeams round the eye of May !
But, ah ! youth's early visions never last,
The joys which promise most, are soonest past ;
My morning-sun of happiness, too bright,
Soon hid behind a cloud its watery light !

O'er Eastward Bridge, now, to the westward, bend,
Right through the Bar, and up the lane ascend :
See, yonder arch-way, form'd of massive stones,
O'er which arise toward heaven, three lofty cones ;
There *Ozley* gives a proof which all may see
How Heaven remunerates honest industry :—
Enter—the master's liberal, kind, and civil ;
Suspicion lurks not where the thought's not evil :—
Pass round the various rooms now, here behold
How Swedish iron they convert to gold.
See, all along, from Muscovy afar,
Row behind row stands many an iron bar,
Waiting the brawny arm, and pondrous stroke,
And yonder smelting pots, and white-hot coke.
How clean and spacious are the smelter's rooms ;
No want of air, or light, or cleansing brooms.

With what convenience yonder fires are ranged,
In which the iron into steel is changed :
See, with what ease James boils his pots of metal,
No wife with more convenience boils her kettle.
Those tasks performed, and more than I can tell ;—
Let this suffice—each part is acted well ;
Anon, to Rotherham Forge 'tis straight conveyed,
And 'neath the hammer or the roller laid.
Then home again it comes ere many days,
To be dismissed abroad in various ways ;
East, West, and North, and South, where'er they barter,
O'er Britain's Isle, and sometimes o'er the water.
Thus industry and art their powers unfold,
And thus grey iron turns to yellow gold.

Give ear, kind *William Oxley*, ere we part ;—
From childhood I have known your humane heart,
And glad I am, in you, no change appears,
But such as added gifts, and riper years :
And, though your merchandise is in hard steel,
Your tender nature can for suffering feel.
Adieu ! may Heaven on you and yours kind Sir,
All bliss on earth,—and Heaven at last, confer.

Let us to Sanderson's now pass with speed,—
Fancy can give us wings in time of need :—
And now, alighted in the busy yard,
Look all around, for none are here debarr'd.
Lo ! thro' yon folding doors, the smelters toiling,
The vex'd fire roaring, and the metal boiling,
See how the sweat from every opened pore
Oozes, and stains with scalding drops the floor :
Ye Salamanders ! who your pains can tell ?
You seem to labour in the fires of hell !

Anon, wide open flies the furnace door,—
Down drops the red-hot metal on the floor ;
Beneath the forge-hammer they heave the lump,
When loud as thunder echoes, thump ! thump ! thump !
Twixt two large rollers next the ore they toss,
Till malleable it grows and free from dross.

Pass to the Tin-works now, and there behold,
The effects of moist, and dry, and hot, and cold.
They roll, and cut, and scrub, and scour, and beat ;
Till like a mirror shines each polished sheet.

Then, pack'd in boxes tight, it flies per order,
To London, South, or North, to Scotland's border,
Or, to Hibernia in the West—or chance,
Across the British Channel to fair France :—
Or, o'er the Atlantic Ocean far away,
To India West, or South America.

Mark how profoundly wise Heaven's plans are laid,
By which the laws of Nature govern trade !
Here, golden harvests wave above the soil,
And rich abundance crowns the tiller's toil ;
There, rocky hills no fields of corn produce,
But flow with honey and the vine's rich juice ;—
Another scene is barren to the eye,
And naught but naked rocks we can descry,—
Yet, their bored entrails hidden stores unfold,
Of iron, tin, and lead, and ductile gold.
Hence needy merchants tread each foreign strand,
And intercourse is held with every land ;—
Thus Nature, by her love-inspiring plan,
Imposes her soft sympathies on man !

Much more of Sanderson's* my verse might tell,—
But verse mid anvil-strokes ne'er jingles well;
Still, let me hint, while yet 'tis in my power,
You've raised a Babel, Sir, without a tower!
Some with amusement hear, and some with pain,
The odd confounded speech of Rawmarsh-lane;
Where Warwickshire, and Staffordshire, and York,
Like Nimrod's masons jabber o'er their work.
But let it pass, I always have abetted,
The people are to Sanderson's indebted:
Hail to their lofty, enterprizing spirit!
May commerce crown them with the meed they merit.

Now part we hence, and up the valley walk,
To where the coal-works send forth fire and smoke.
Fitzwilliam owns the ground, and New-park-gate,
For smelting coal is greatly famed of late.
Kind are the masters, but the times are hard,
And Industry scarce meets its full reward.

* Mr. Charles Sanderson, at the time the poem was written, was the proprietor of the works in question.

Ye rich, who daily roll in affluence,
Weigh not too lightly, gifts of Providence :—
And, while the poor in their contracted spheres
Toil to supply your wants, remember theirs !

England awards too scantily the pay,
Of such as shut themselves from heaven's fair day ;
Who naked, toil and grope from morn till night,
As if no sun was made, or cheerful light !
Yet would I not Fitzwilliam* lightly name ;
Nor do his men their noble master blame ;
'Twas Speculation barr'd the wheels of trade,
And low in dust the car of Commerce laid ;
Nor will it rise again but with the patriot's aid.
And, of all patriots to the country dear,
Fitzwilliam is the name I most revere.
And, while his ground I tread, his works admire,
Truth does a line of honest praise require.
Not one of all Great Britain's garter'd race
Fills his high station with a nobler grace ;
None more than he, to king and country true,
None gladlier yields to merit all its due ;

* This was written during the life-time of the late Earl.

From Erin's injured sons to Afric's slave,
None suffer, whom his vast munificence can save.

Now pass we on to where yon pondrous beam,
Ceaseless proclaims the wondrous power of Steam :
See ! like a giant, glorying in his might,
The mighty engine stoops from his tall height;
Beneath the ground he stretches his long arms ;—
The beds of minerals hear the loud alarms ;—
Through his wide entrails floods of water soak ;
A river rises at each pondrous stroke !
But let us nearer stand, and closelier view,
The huge machine which moves so swift and true.
Each part how well proportioned and exact ;
To its own sphere well fitted and compact ;
Its motive speed, with power, is so combin'd,
Though strong as Hercules, 'tis fleet as wind !

Hail to Machinery ! the world shall see
Its sons, ere long, from heavy toil set free :—
Man to his rank restored, shall but contrive,
Nature and Art, his slaves, shall drudge and drive.

Let truth prevail, as sure it shall ere-while,
And Paradise o'er every land shall smile.

Hail to Machinery ! for by its means,
'Tis Heaven's design, ere long, to change earth's scenes,
Not from all labour shall the poor be freed,
But light their toil shall be, and more their meed,
And when the name of WATT has long survived,
And other names have other works contrived,
Then all shall be convinced, for all shall prove,
Machinery's the gift of Heavenly love.

Now muse descend from thine exalted sphere,
The Joiner's-shop's at hand, the men dine here ;
'Tis half-past twelve, and ere the clock strikes one,
A wordy battle must be lost or won ;
Midst Church and State—mid Russians and the Poles.
Hark ! how they ding their hatchets and their malls :
Now at Reform—now at confounded Taxes,
They bang their pond'rous wits and heavy axes !

Ah ! little dream the rulers of the land

Who occupy their stations high and grand
How ill the State affairs they understand !
Foul shame fall on ye, Chancellors and Lawyers,
To be outshone by Joiners, Smiths, and Sawyers.

But, Happy England ! I can deem thee still,
Where, right or wrong, each man can talk at will :
This is a joy amid my country's wrongs,
There is no law to silence British tongues.

Now farewell, and for ever, Greasbro' Ings,
Although no more thy merry blackbird sings,
Although no more the solitary maid
Treads thy lone footpath in the willow's shade ;
If cheerful hearths, instead, are found in thee,
The fruits of well-conducted industry,
I'll not lament—old Greasbro' Ings—thy fate,
But welcome smoky, bustling, New Park Gate !

EPISTLE TO JOSEPH BEAUMONT,

WRITTEN 1818.

I had a friend in former time,—
(This letter, Joseph, comes in rhyme,
For, though of late the times are changed,
I still love verse when well arranged ;
When syllables combine with sense,
And poetry is not pretence.
When passion agitates the breast,
And the chafed spirit sighs for rest,
No power like poesy can heal
The wounds which troubled bosoms feel.
Not, Joseph, that mere verse of mine
Can claim such attributes divine ;
In writing thus, all I pretend,
Is just to entertain my friend :
I used to think myself a poet ;—
'Twas a mistake, and now I know it.)

But, to the tale with which I started,
I had a friend, quite honest-hearted ;
A constant friend, in whom I trusted !
A fervent friend, of whom I boasted ;
A virtuous friend, whose life reproved me ;
A generous friend, whose actions moved me :
Faithful to frown my faults away ;
Cheerful to make my spirits gay :
In short, 'mong friends, I knew none other,
So well deserved the name of *brother*.
Such were my thoughts of Joseph B—.
(I scarce know what he thought of me.)

Alas ! explain it, ye who can,
Why Friendship, since the world began,
Has ever tied her votaries hands
With such uncertain, fragile bands !
Joseph and I—sworn friends for ever,
Distance alone has power to sever !
And now, that twice five miles divide us,
Friendship had just as well ne'er tied us !

But this sounds harsh,—I must retract it ;
My brain's affected,—care has crack'd it :
Can I no other reason find
That my old friend thus *seems* unkind ?
Yes, one,—for tired of single strife
Joseph has found himself a wife !
Chafe as I may, 'tis matrimony
Deprives me of my bosom crony.
Inexorable, he will not hear me ;
Nor will he come at all to cheer me :
I know both prose and verse will fail,
All unaffected with my tale,
He'll still remain in Worsbro' Dale !
Well, let him come, or let him tarry,
Through life I'll this conviction carry,
“Let interests separate or blend,
Joseph is an unvarying friend.”

Then Joseph, after all, 'tis merely,
Because you love one friend more dearly :
While I've my Martha, you've your Mary,
And, let things go straight or contrary,

We love them, and we still *will* love them,
For, faithfullest of friends we prove them.
They each will like a rib attend us,
Whatever Providence may send us.
May God in heaven befriend us all !
So prays your friend and servant—

PAUL.

TO MR. WILLIAM BURROUGHS,
SUPERVISOR OF EXCISE,
ON HIS TEMPORARY REMOVAL TO IRELAND,
DURING THE TIME WHEN THAT COUNTRY WAS
DANGEROUSLY AGITATED ON THE SUBJECT
OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

WRITTEN APRIL 30, 1826.

FAREWELL, my ever-honour'd friend,
Where'er you go, I say farewell !
More blessings on your head descend,
Than you can wish, or I can tell :
But ah ! what late adverse decree,
Dooms you to sail across the sea ?

Ye gathering storms, which heaven deform,
Be hush'd whilst he is on the tide !
Blow gently gales, and swell the sails,
Straight to the port in safety guide :
The Bark which bears him o'er the sea,
Bears one that's dear to more than me.

Hibernia, fair ! Oh, use with care
The loan we trust to thee awhile ;
So may the power which guards thy shore,
On all thy patriots deign to smile :
Our orisons shall rise for thee,
Whilst Burroughs is across the sea.

Where Erin vies with paradise,
All like an "emerald isle" so gay,
There fix his place, 'mongst sons of grace,
From men of Belial far away ;
Then gratefully we'll think of thee—
Fair Erin, on this side the sea.

But chiefly thine, dread Power Divine !
Be it to guard from all alarms ;
By day befriend, by night defend,
And safe restore him to our arms.
With confidence we trust in thee,
At home, abroad, by land, or sea.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
WHOSE LOVER HAD GONE TO THE EAST INDIES

AS A SOLDIER IN THE BURMESE WAR.

SUGGESTED BY A WEEKLY SIGHT OF HER AT CHURCH.

WRITTEN 1829.

MARIA ! when I look on thee,
Even true love seems a mystery !
That thou should'st be beloved, and left,
Is what I cannot well explain :
Of comfort, peace, and hope bereft,
By one who would not give thee pain !

But when, fair maid ! I look on thee,
I still admire thy constancy,
For, when at sound of distant war,
Which from the shores of Asia came,
From home and thee he sail'd afar,
Thy love was still a constant flame.

Maria ! when I look on thee,
I think upon the rolling sea ;
Oh ! 'tis enough to break a heart,
 When the rough, raging, boist'rous tide,
Rises in long, long leagues to part
 The destined Bridegroom and the Bride !

And, when by common fame 'twas spread,
That he in foreign land, was dead,
Sincere, yet secret, thou didst sigh ;
 And, though by day thou seldom wept,
'Tis said, at midnight thou would'st lie,
 In wakeful grief, whilst others slept !

But constancy's reward was due ;
And thou hast heard his heart is true !
And thou hast heard, in accents sweet,
 That still he hopes on England's shore,
Maria once again to meet,
 From his true love to part no more !

TO MY FRIEND, MR. JOHN OXLEY,
ON HIS REMOVING TO HIS NEW HOUSE.

WRITTEN 1831.

KIND-HEARTED neighbour, do attend
To what I shall rehearse ;
'Tis homely truth as e'er was penn'd,
And in as homely verse.

A most convenient house you've got,
As I could wish to see ;
Had I my wish,—which I shall not,—
'Twere just the house for me.

The kitchen-comforts are complete ;
The store-room most capacious :
The house compact,—the parlour neat ;
Four chambers fair and spacious.

Outside, all stands in prim array,
Except, perhaps, the painting ;—
'Tis neatly done, but, I should say,
Some darker lines are wanting.

In front, the pretty garden plot
Wants nothing but more perches ;
Behind, a cowhouse you have got,
Pigstye, and room for ashes.

6.

But what is best, by industry
These blessings you've obtained :
Your house your own, your conscience free,
Nor by oppression stained.

The Christian lives not to himself ;
Nor are earth's good things given
That men may hoard them on a shelf,
Or waste them spite of Heaven.

'Tis industry and Heavenly grace
Makes any mortal great :

Nor need he God's good favour less
To bear th' exalted state.

But, to repeat these truths to you
Is needless, I am sure ;
And, to talk long on what we know
Is what I can't endure.

And, that from whence your blessings rose,
Might still be kept in mind,
Your shop stands at your elbow close,
God's temple just behind.

Now should you wed, ere life shall close,
As some suppose you may,
Believe the word of one who knows,
'Twill cheer life's gloomy day.

Encircled by domestic joys,
Man dwells in his own sphere :
'Tis God's intent,—'tis Nature's voice,
And happiness is there.

Thank God that he has given you wealth

To obtain what you desired :

And, may he spare you long in health

To enjoy what you've acquired.

ON THE DEATH OF OUR NAMELESS INFANT,

BORN OCTOBER 24 : DIED OCTOBER 29, 1824.

OH ! why, my dearest baby, why,

Thy visit, thus, so brief ?

Why wast thou doomed so soon to die,

And leave us all in grief ?

Henry, and Ellen, call'd thee brother,

And Thomas smiled, and so did John ;

Ev'n Mary yielded thee her Mother ;—

Why, sweetest infant, art thou gone ?

Child of affliction ! didst thou see

No corner where thy head could lay ?

From thy poor parents didst thou flee,

Offended, and in haste away ?

Ah, no ! what'er the cold world might,
Our meanness *thou* could'st not despise ;—
A band of Seraphs, heavenly bright !
Allured thee to their home—the skies.

Doubtless some fostering angel there ;
No Mother e'er so kind and meek,
From thy loved eye shall wipe the tear,
Shall teach thy pretty lips to speak.

And may we hope, as years roll on,
Thou shalt our guardian angel be ;
And, that thyself shalt care anon,
For us, as we have cared for thee ?

Farewell ! dear cherub, then, awhile,
And, since our thoughts to thee were kind,
From thy bright sphere upon us shine,
And think on us thou left behind.

TO MRS. JAS. HUTCHINSON,
ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

When to the darkness of the tomb
Our kindred we resign,
How oft we yield to sullen gloom,
Or sinfully repine !

But sorrow not for your lost mate
With unbelieving dread ;
The grave receives him, but to wait
Till Christ shall raise the dead.

Meanwhile, the Spirit free'd from clay,
Soars unconfined above,
Basks in the beams of endless day,
And triumphs in Heaven's love !

And think not, suffering friend, but he
Who has your help-meet been,
Still mindful of your state shall be,
And visit you unseen.

Oh yes ! commissioned from the sky,
The spirits of the blest,
Oft wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
And soothe the widow'd breast.

Thrice happy union, when its date
Is but begun beneath !
Prolong'd through an eternal state,
Far from the reach of death.

Awhile, 'tis yours to toil in pain,
But yield not all to grief ;
Expecting you shall meet again,
Is sure a sweet relief !

ON THE DEATH OF PIOUS FRIENDS.

AN IMITATION OF DR. YOUNG.

When to the grave we follow those,
Renown'd for virtuous deeds,
Dream we their being at its close,
And, that no life succeeds ?

Why were they wise to know the right,
In Heaven's high praise devout ?—
Was it that everlasting night
Might blot their being out ?

If human souls are mortal found,
Why may not angels die ?—
And God frown solitary round
From his high throne—the sky !

ADDRESSED TO MR. AND MRS. SMITH,
OF SHEPLEY,

AFTER A SOJOURN OF SEVERAL DAYS AT THEIR HOUSE.

JUNE, 1832.

KIND-HEARTED Joseph Smith, farewell !

From you and yours we now must part ;
No tongue our gratitude can tell,
Accept it glowing at each heart.

With outside fair your mansion stands ;
Its front neat grassy mounds adorn :
I love to see your sloping lands,
Covered with trees and waving corn.

I love to walk your garden bounds,
Where vegetation grows secure :

Where, from beneath the rocky grounds,
Gushes the fountain, fresh and pure.

But, oh ! beneath your bounteous roof,
To mark your bliss, is my delight !
From your bright days pride keeps aloof,
Nor care disturbs your rest at night.

Blest is the house where Love resides ;
Where Virtue makes her own bless'd home ;
Where Knowledge, Hope, and Joy abide,
And rankling Hate can never come !

Such home is yours, kind friends, and when
These days of kindness long are past ;
In many a far off, future scene,
Their loved remembrance still shall last.

What can we wish you now we part,
To raise your earthly comforts higher ?
God knows the wish of every heart,
And may he grant *your own desire !*

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE FAVOURITE RETREAT OF A BROTHER,

LONG SINCE DECEASED.

HAIL to the landscape ! far outspread !
'Twas here, entranced he stood ;
Charmed with the water's glistening bed,
The lawn, the field, the wood.

And not alone by light of noon
Would he delight to stray,
But more beneath the silent moon,
Or the bright milky way.

Long since, his disencumbered soul
Has wing'd its happy flight :
Above, where suns and planets roll,
Regions of pure delight !

And though my pilgrimage of life
 With pain is sometimes trod,
 I hope, like him, to end the strife,
 Victorious thro' my God.

Ev'n now the hand of fell disease
 Compels me forth to roam ;
 'Tis to inhale the morning breeze
 I wander from my home.

Departed friend, still dear to me,
 Whene'er Death's stroke is given,
 May'st thou my guardian angel be,
 To bear my soul to Heaven !

A HYMN.

WHEN with thy love my heart expands,
Great source of good divine !
All nature as thy temple stands,
Each atom seems thy shrine.

By day, the landscape yields delight,
By night, the starry sky :
For thou art present to my sight,
And in each object nigh.

Father ! when wilt thou be adored,
By men from pole to pole ?
Earth be to paradise restored,
And God be " all in all !"

**TO THE REV. RICHARD HIBBERT,
WHO, ON ONE OCCASION, INSTEAD OF THE SIMPLE AND
INSPIRING TRUTHS OF THE GOSPEL, PREACHED
UNINTELLIGIBLE ASTRONOMY, TO A POOR AND
IGNORANT COUNTRY CONGREGATION.**

Is the pulpit, Sir, built on the hill of old Mars,
That preachers thus talk of these Orbits and Stars ?
Oh ! talk not unto us of systems that roll,
Small, small is their influence on body or soul :
Come down, Sir, to earth, and converse with us here,
You have soared out of sight—you are out of our sphere ;
The gospel of Jesus, let that be your theme ;—
Our hearts understand you when speaking of Him.

WRITTEN FOR MY CHILDREN,
TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR DEPARTED GRANDFATHER.

1827.

PLEASANT the hours, and passing sweet,
Their memory still to us is dear,
When round your hearth we used to meet,
Dear Grandfather, devoid of fear ;
And, oh ! your much-loved voice to hear,
Instructing us in councils sage,
Collected from experienced age,
Or blessing us in holy prayer !

For joys thus pure and innocent,
Vainly, since then, our hearts have pined ;
The hours we in your presence spent
Were sweet, for, oh ! your lips were kind ;
But you have left us far behind,
O'er a wild wilderness of cares,

Of toils, of dangers, and of snares,
Your track of holiness to find.

But, are we hopeless—doomed to weep ?
Dear saint ! we know you are not dead ;
In Jesu's arms you sweetly sleep,
For he composed your dying bed.
Yes, the dear earth now mould'ring laid,
At his command shall rise again,
Exempt from toil, and grief, and pain,
E'en fashioned like your glorious Head.

We'll think no more of toils of earth,
Dear sainted Sire, since yours are o'er ;
We'll think no more of worldly mirth,
But love your memory more and more :
Then may we hope at last to soar,
Far from the reach of death and hell ;
Above, where saints in glory dwell,
With you our Saviour to adore !

CONSOLATION IN AFFLICTION.

THE rose had not faded on Ellen's fair cheek,
And her lips were as pure as the dew ;
Her eye that beamed on me,—tho' brilliant,—was meek,
And the heart that she gave me was true.

'Twas the May-day of life!—like the lark tow'ring high,
My heart rose in ecstasy then :
“ Sweet wedlock !” I said, “ 'tis the gift of the sky,
And the greatest bestowed upon men.”

Time sped, and some pledges of love we possessed,
But Ellen turned pale,—and she died !
Oh ! sore is the anguish that rends the lone breast,
When hearts thus united divide !

O'erwhelmed in deep sorrow, I mourned my sad lot,
But religion descended, ere-while :—
The anchor of hope was the gift which she brought,
And she pointed above, with a smile.

"GOD IS LOVE,"

**ON OBSERVING THE ABOVE PASSAGE—WHICH IS EQUALLY
A TRUTH OF REASON AND OF SCRIPTURE,—
WRITTEN WITH CHALK, ON A STONE IN
A SECLUDED COUNTRY LANE.**

**SWEET the hour of meditation,
When the spirit heaven-ward towers ;
When with secret exultation,
We can call the Saviour ours.**

**"God is Love,"—oh, then we prove it,
"Earth recedes, it disappears !"
Hope, aspiring, soars above it,
Gazes on angelic spheres.**

**Stranger ! 'twas thy hand attested,
Doubtless, what thy heart could prove,
When in this lone spot thou rested,
To record that "GOD IS LOVE !"**

ON THE
APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

WRITTEN JULY, 1831.

Oh, Britain ! pride and wonder of the earth,
On thy tall cliffs a sound is heard from far ;
Cease from thy revels and untimely mirth,
God comes in his own dreadful Judgment Car !

When kingdoms round thee trembled to their base ;
When mightiest monarchs from their thrones were
hurled ;
Jehovah's favour was thy resting-place ;
Thou heard'st, unmoved, Heaven's thunder shake the
world.

Yet, Queen of Isles, when late thy wintry nights
 Glared ominous from out the arctic sky,*
Did no misgivings damp thy vain delights,
 Nor wholesome fear forbode destruction nigh ?

Sin unrepented taints thee to the core,
 Degrading guilt thy haughty brow defiles,
'Too oft, at home, oppression grinds thy poor,
 And the gall'd slave groans in the Western Isles.

Hark ! from the North, the pestilential blast
 Sweeps o'er the nations, prostrate with their fear ;
At its approach pale nature shrieks aghast,
 And death and silence close its dread career.

Bow then thy head in dust,—put sackcloth on ;
 The vengeance strikes but at Heaven's sov'reign will ;
God reigns on high ; beseech his righteous throne,
 Repent ! Justice appeased may spare thee still.

* The Northern Lights, very conspicuous during the preceding winter.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS MARY RHODES,

WHO DIED AT THURNSCOPE, MAY 29, 1830.

WRITTEN 1831.

MARY ! a year on earth has rolled its round,
Since thou the home of happy spirits found :
Since, from this weary world of sin and woe,
To Heavenly rest thy Saviour bade thee go.
But, though thy spirit long since 'scaped above,
We can't forget the object of our love ;
Each word of thine, each action, and each look,
Are still inscribed in memory's faithful book.

Thy gratitude for favours ne'er so small ;
Thy sufferings, and thy patience in them all ;
Thy meekness, by the Christian only shewn ;
Thy faith in Him who died for man t' atone ;
And, more than all, we never can forget,

The fortitude with which thy fate was met.
In prime of youth, when hope is ever new,
Beloved by friends,—and they were numerous too ;
A beauteous outside form, an inward mind,
Secure t' attach the wisest of mankind :—
These rare attractions, Mary, all were thine,
And, 'twas our hope in life to see thee shine ;
Yet, when death came, borne on disease's wing,
Thou smiled, and meekly cried, " He hath no sting !"

Rest now, loved Mary, in thy Saviour's arms,
Secure from suffering, and from death's alarms ;
Though short thy date, death to thyself was gain ;
Nor was thy bright example left in vain.

NATURE.

Oh, Nature, how I love each scene of thine !

Thy lakes of water, and thy purling rills ;

Thy groves retired, where peace and joy recline ;

Thy sun-bright vallies, and thy fruitful hills.

Thy gems of flowers, when "spring adorns the year ;"

Thy cheerful, rich, and ever-varying green ;

Thy fruitful vineyards, and thy deserts drear ;

Thy moonlight skies, calm, beauteous, and serene.

Thy feathered songsters, tuning love's sweet lays ;

Thy flocks, and herds, and "human face divine ;"

And human heart, hymning its Maker's praise ;

Oh, Nature, how I love each work of thine !

Hence, lust, and hate, anger, revenge, and pride ;

Envy and malice, hence ! with fell despair :

Could sin, and suffering, from the world subside,

Oh, who would wish to leave a world so fair !

A STARLIGHT MEDITATION.

FAR off, behind the Western main, the sun had sunk
to rest ;

When Evening rose with many a star bright beaming
on its breast :

By silent contemplation led, I wandered forth to gaze
On Nature's holiest scene, adorned with beauty's purest
rays.

With pleasing wonder filled, I mused upon the spangled
scene,

Which o'er the changeful state of man, unchanged has
ever been ;

" Behold !" I said, " 'tis God's own Book, informing all
who view,

That man on earth is poor and frail ; that God is great
and true."

I thought of time, which bears away its millions on its
stream,

Their joys and griefs, their hopes and fears, each like
a passing dream ;

I heard the loud distracting sound of pleasures, short
and vain ;

I thought of death, the judgment day, and of eternal
pain ;

I thought of thousands still engulfed in error's dark-
some night ;

I thought of truth, and, oh ! 'twas joy to hail her
guiding light ;

I saw her golden rays divine to erring mortals given ;

I thought of friends, whom truth had raised to seats
of bliss in heaven.

And, oh ! the still and solemn night still raised my
thoughts above,

Where saints with angels ever vie to adore the God of
love ;

"Fain would I soar away," I cried, "o'er Heaven's
bright fields to range,

Where sorrow never enters, and where pleasure knows
no change !"

TO MR. B———,

OF WENTWORTH.

WRITTEN 1832.

MEANDERING down yon mountain's side,
A stream runs clear and bright ;
There oft a youth, the village pride,
In wandering took delight.

He wooed the muse, nor wooed in vain,
For, as his wild notes fell,
The shepherds listened to his strain,
O'er mountain, moor, and dell.

Ye swains who roam the forest wild,
Ye nymphs of tuneful lay,
Say, why has he, the muse's child,
Of late forborne to stray ?

Yon lamps that nightly gild the pole ;
Earth's flowers, of varied hue ;
Evening's sweet breath, which calms the soul ;
Bright Morning's pearly dew :—

The glassy stream, the shady grove,
The hills, th' enchanting plains,
Have strangely ceased his heart to move,
Or wake his tuneful strains.

Oh ! could I strike my homely wire,
To reach his listening ear,
To re-awake his slumbering lyre,
Again our hearts to cheer !

A NIGHT AT WINDSOR;
OR, KING WILLIAM'S DREAM.*

WHY looks the King of Islands sad and pale ?
Why seems the courage of his heart to fail ?
Why starts he thus ? Why that expressive moan ?
Sits he uneasy on his Royal Throne ?

His subject millions had implored their King ;
With cries for freedom, vales and mountains ring ;
With patriot heart William has pledged his word,
But hateful minions thwart their Royal Lord.

* * * * *

* Written during the agitation for the Reform Bill, when the Court was vacillating, and rumours prevailed that the Russians were coming.

Why does the Court of late so throng'd appear ?
Why foreign accent fall on royal ear ?
Why Grey so sad, as thus he comes and goes ?
Has William yielded to his people's foes ?

* * * * *

Night's mantle falls on Windsor's ancient towers,
Alternate warders walk the midnight hours ;
All else is still—but not in joyful smiles,
The Lemnion God looks on the King of Isles.

In restless dreams he seems to wander far ;
Sometimes he grapples with his foe in war ;
Sometimes on dizzy precipice he walks ;
Anon, with ghosts of parted friends he talks.

Ere long, in summer-bower he seems alone,
(Where oft the gilded hours had o'er him flown,)
When, lo ! a message from the King of Kings,
And, straight, the assassin on the Monarch springs !

Again, the scene is changed—a martial train
Seems trampling to and fro, on ample plain,
And, as the warrior phantoms pass the King,
This hostile ditty in his ear they sing :—

THE WARRIOR'S SONG.

“THE lion is roused from his terrible lair,
The hunters are up and the scent's on the air,
On our mountains the spirit of freedom is rife,
Dread foe-men are rushing to join in the strife.

“Hark ! the watchword of liberty echoes on high,
From earth it ascends to the vault of the sky,
Haste, haste to the battle-field, join in the strife,
Who does not love liberty dearer than life ?

“From Dover's tall cliffs to the land of clay-mores,
From Cambray right onward to Erin's fair shores,
A cry has ascended which never shall cease,
Till liberty waves on the banners of peace !”

* * * * *

The warrior's vanish—next, with solemn speed,
A Regal form Britannia seem'd to lead ;
And, as the vision passed the wondering King,
Down tumbled th' first *Charles*, a headless thing !

Ere long, transported to the land of Gaul,
He seemed to see the mighty Louis fall ;
He saw the purple stream—heard shouts that rose,
Then straight awoke from more than mortal throes.

The bright May-morning beamed on Windsor's towers ;
The early breeze played in the rosy bowers ;
What time the peasant to his labour goes,
From troubled sleep the unhappy King arose :

He called aloud on Grey's right noble name,
Nor called in vain—the patriot hero came ;
That hour the deeds of liberty were sealed ;
That hour the nation's bleeding wounds were healed !

A FRIENDLY CRITIQUE
ON THE METHODIST PREACHERS
IN THE ROTHERHAM CIRCUIT, 1826.

At the time when the following sketches were written, the Methodist Preachers Plan consisted, as will be seen, of twenty-six individuals, namely, twenty-three Local, and three Travelling preachers. The names are here taken in the reverse of the order of the printed plan, commencing at the bottom, with the new beginners, and ending with the Travelling preachers at the head of the list. This expedient was adopted in order that the interest of the subject might not decline, but rather increase with the progress of the composition.

As Quakers make no observation
Till moved by silent inspiration,
So poet's hearts must go pit-pat,
Before they'll write you this or that ;
Just now my inward bells are chiming,
I'm dropp'd into a fit of rhyming.

Lo, yonder band of Local Preachers ;
Sincere, unpolished, Sunday Teachers ;
Wesleyans, in number twice thirteen,
Who, oft as sabbath-morn is seen,
March off, like pilgrims staff in hand
From Egypt to the promised land ;
Or, as bright stars in radiant shew,
Round their wide Circuit still they go.
These are my theme—respected men !
Dear to my heart, my tongue, my pen,
While in your several spheres ye shine
May no unworthy verse of mine
Your sacred influence malign ;—
For, often in each face I've kenn'd
The well-known lineaments of friend :—
My well-meant satire may presume to teach you,
But 'tis no wish of mine that harm should reach you.

*Siddell** is bashful, and right humble,
Of course no critic ought to grumble ;

* Draper, Wath.

Although he soars not, nor is witty,
Not but he says things wise and pretty ;
Courage he has, but off it fares
Whene'er he mounts the pulpit stairs.

*Hibberd** is pious in his air,
And well performs the work of prayer ;
Reading his text, he spreads his plumes,
And all the peacock he assumes :—
At length, too proud to tread the ground,
Aloft, among the stars we bound !
Hearers, have patience, and endure him,
He has good sense, and that will cure him.

Askham,† young, tall, complexion white,
Of good address, well-bred, polite ;
His voice in reading cannot fail
Our ears like music to assail ;
His preaching powers may be the best,
To hear him I was never blest.

* Watchmaker, Rotherham.

† Lawyer, Rotherham.

Leyland, a zealous, roaring lad,
Has been among the ranting* squad ;
Though he'll not preach to make you weep,
He'll never preach you fast asleep.

Next comes *James Reed*,† a right good fellow,
Whose *pipe* was never tuned to bellow :
Much piety, and much good sense ;
Some touches of fair eloquence ;
As good a man as treads the nation !
He only wants an education.

Behold, deep-thinking *Thomas Green*,‡
Who seldom at his post is seen :
Though, if we could but see and hear him,
It's clear enough we should revere him.

To *William Burroughs*§ now attend,
Right proud I am to call him friend ;

* Potter, Mexbro', had been among the sect called Ranters.

† Manufacturer of Pottery, Mexbro'.

‡ Shopkeeper, Wentworth. § Supervisor, Rotherham.

Though I should deem it nought but rudeness,
Did he not force me by his goodness :
'Tis true, his voice is not designed
Melodiously to soothe the mind ;
But his stern apostolic zeal
Will make the stoutest-hearted feel ;
Of noble, self-denying spirit ;
In short, my friend has every merit
That I could wish him to inherit.

But who is this so scant in size ?
With feeble voice and drooping eyes ?
Come, *Linley*,* raise your downcast brow,
You need not be ashamed, I trow ;
Poor men have sometimes honest hearts,
And you, to boot, have decent parts.

Now *Thomas Wilkinson*† appears,
O'ercome with diffidence and fears ;
Good sense he has, but how he frames
To talk of old Olympic Games !

* Weaver, Wombwell. † Exciseman, Rotherham.

That afternoon my friend must find,
He'd left his good sound sense behind.

Why is it reader, can you tell,
*George Pashley** is so like a bell ?
Methinks I now could tell the reason,
Would you not deem it out of season :
His voice, monotonous and *sing-song*,
Is just the counterpart of *ding-dong*.
Yet think not, reader, I despise him,
As dear a man as most I prize him ;
Of brighter parts, I ween, than many,
Of piety as deep as any.

*France** is so near without a fault,
Hearers, your love ne'er need to halt :
In doctrine and in life he's found,
As all confess, both pure and sound ;
And was he not so much my friend,
I would not try one fault to mend ;

* Stone-mason, Dalton.

† Miner, New Park Gate.

But, can it grace a pulpit, *France*,
That you pronounce so far askance ?
Give mother English, man, her dues,
Nor startle us, for *these*, with *thewse*.

Now, critic, let your weapons fall ;
A sincere man is *Samuel Hull* ;*
Although he preaches oft in pain,
He will not talk of nonsense vain.

Lo ! *William Thorpe*,† who from his youth,
Like Timothy, has known the truth ;
Grave understanding men revere him,
It's seldom been my lot to hear him.

Raised high above the pulpit floor,
Like him who climed the sycamore,
Stands *William Jessop*,‡ low of stature ;
His heart well stored with Scripture matter ;

* Blacksmith, Kimberworth. † Farmer, Laughton.

‡ Stone-mason, Bramley. This preacher was in the habit of standing on so high a stool that nearly the whole of his person appeared above the top of the pulpit.

A face more heavenly and serene,
Was never o'er a pulpit seen ;
But, oh ! his preaching tones so woeful,
Make themes of love sound truly awful !
Portions of scripture, short and pointed,
With wise men's sayings fitly jointed,
Compose his sermons ; which, to slight,
I must confess, would not be right :
In fact, I'd rather go a mile
To shake his hand, and see him smile,
Than stay at home, to hear the lectures
Of some grave metaphysic doctors.

But who is this—you ask with wonder,
This boanerges—son of thunder ?
'Tis *Rayworth*,* have you never seen
The team he drives across the green ?
High-fed they are, and stout, and strong ;
Through thick and thin they drag along :
Just such their master when he preaches !
Just such the doctrine that he teaches !

* Miller's Carrier, Greasbro'.

Next *Butcher*,* painfully severe,
 In word and doctrine still austere ;
 His speech, though rough, is always ready,
 And none can say his life's unsteady.
 When *Butcher* most designs to bless us,
 He frowns on debts and ladies dresses.
 Some men there are turn Radicals for fame ;
But, for born bias Butcher bears no blame.

Hurstwood,† though in his stature small,
 Is loved by most, revered by all :—
 Where'er he goes,—in every place
 They love to see his honest face ;
 A humbler, warmer-hearted man,
 You will not find on all the plan.

Next, bent with labour and with years,
 The venerable *Hicks*‡ appears :
 'Tis true, beneath his well-meant zeal
 Our understandings sometimes reel :

* Nail-maker, Thorp-Hesley.

† Bookkeeper, Swinton. ‡ Excavator, Wath.

As loaded wains on boulders rumble ;
As wheelbarrows o'er hillocks tumble,
His home-spun oratory rolls
Across our nerves, to soothe our souls.
But, if in ornament he shines not,
My verse good-humour'dly repines not ;
I love the oak, the mountain's pride,
As well as daisy by its side.

But let the numbers softly flow,
Forth comes the music-breathing *Law* ;*
Soft on the heart his periods melt,
Where'er his voice is heard, 'tis felt.
If potent argument be scanting,
Warm zeal and love are never wanting ;
Where'er he goes, they flock to hear him,
But for his deeds they most revere him.

Next *Duke*, the jolly Bramley farmer ;
None owns a freer heart, or warmer.

* Draper, Rotherham.

"*Isaiah twelfth*"—he says distinctly,
And the whole chapter reads succinctly ;—
" In that day, thou shalt say, Oh, Lord !
I'll praise thee for thy faithful word,
For though thine anger 'gainst me burn'd,
Thine anger now aside is turned."
Or, chance, St. Paul supplies the text ;
He reads it with what follows next ;
How, once, " the veil was on their hearts,"
He tears the veil in thousand parts ;
Bids you to see, and feel, and prove
The joys of those who dwell in love.
How his eye beams with heavenly fire !
How hope still mounts the pilgrim higher !
'Tis true, sometimes, when you've attended
To his harangue, and thought it ended,
He straight repeats it o'er again
To fix it on your mem'ry plain ;
And true, his language, plain and homely,
Would in no other man seem comely ;—
But his *well-meaning zeal* ne'er halts,
And *fervent love* hides all his faults.

Now *Hutchinson*,* friend of my youth,
 Man of meek piety and truth ;
 His charity and self-denial,
 His resignation in deep trial,
 His faith, and hope, and joy, and love,
 All shew his treasure lies above ;
 Oft has his preaching tried and proved me,
 Still more has his example moved me.

An upright man is *Bennett James*,†
 At doing good is all he aims ;
 No heterodoxy he'll be caught in ;
 He only spoils it by his shouting.

Clarke‡ though with diffidence oppress'd,
 Is not a whit behind the rest ;
 A gentleman and scholar bred,
 Of wealth possess'd,—in classics read ;

* Potter, Upper Haugh.

† Potter, Rawmarsh.

‡ Saml. Clarke, Esq., Hellaby Hall, at that time labouring under painful mental debility.

A FRIENDLY CRITIQUE.

He publishes the gospel-story,
And deems the work his chiefest glory :—
But why of late so worn with care ?
Why is so changed his form and air ?
Though pining now beneath the rod,
His soul shall rise to walk with God.

Next follow three of wond'rous genus ;—
A Sun, a Moon, a shining Venus !*
Newton, an evening Venus seems ;
Walton's are pleasant moonlight beams ;
'Tis *France* who shines with golden beams.

J. Newton has rare gifts, and would he,
Well as he loves his shop, love study,
His voice so musically sweet ;
His pulpit eloquence so meet ;
His gestures and his port so fine,
None would our *Newton* then outshine.

* These three were the Travelling Preachers for the time being :—*William France*, Superintendent ; *Daniel Walton*, Second Preacher ; and *Jacob Newton*, Chemist, Rotherham, Supernumerary.

'Tis true we sometimes dread his doom,
A victim to an early tomb ;
But he who for the Churches cares
Has been propitious to our prayers ;
Long may he live in health and pleasure !
Long may he live the Circuit's treasure !

Walton is modest, chaste, and prudent ;
In classic lore a ready student ;
Gentle in manners,—free from ranting,
Though piety is never wanting :
Virtuous, intelligent, and skilful ;
In meekness firm, but never wilful ;
And, more than all, his deep discerning ;
His Christian, true, and bible learning ;
His rare remarks from Christian sages,
Which shed a light on Scripture pages,
Prove him a *Daniel* to explain,
Where difficulties most detain.
Thus would he shine a Moon in splendour,
By night, when none but stars attend her ;
But, 'tis his fate, as critics say,
For two whole years to shine by day.

Now hide your heads ye stars of night,
Behold, a day of gospel-light !
Prophetic mysteries darkly sealed
Are now by heavenly light revealed.
France has 'mid ancient symbols walked ;
Freely with Zerubbabel talked :
The Olive Branches,—flying Rolls,—
The Sea of Glass,—the Angelic Scrolls,—
The Golden Bowl,—the Olive Tree,
Are all as plain as A. B. C.*
Ah, *France* ! could I approach your beams,
I'd tell from whence the knowledge streams ;
But, gazing on such floods of light,
No wonder I am dazzled quite !

Apart from figure or romance,
There's none I better love than *France* :—
His earnest, zealous, self-abstraction,
Knows no abatement, or re-action.
Hear it, vile slaves ! who preach for gain,
Gladly will *France* God's word explain,

* See Zachariah, chap. III. IV. & V. *France* was, and I believe still is, an enthusiast in the prophetic Scriptures.

His rest forego, when prudence pleads it ;
Aye, and his *salary*, though he needs it.
He'd rather prove his bible true
Than own the mines of rich Peru.

Ye Gospel Heralds, now, farewell !
My verse your merit fails to tell,
But you've a master in the sky
Who ne'er withdraws his watchful eye ;
Your self-denial, truth, and love,
Are duly registered above :—
Go, publish still his dying story,
Go on, and win your Crowns of Glory !

THE STARVED ROBIN,
WHICH, SEEKING SHELTER, WAS TORN BY THE CAT.
WRITTEN FOR MY CHILDREN, 1822.

THIS Morning, early, at our door,
A Robin-red-breast sought relief;—
'Twas hungry, starved, and old, and poor,
And, oh ! its heart was full of grief !

Oh ! if I had but seen it then,
I would have warmed and fed it too ;
But cruel cats and cruel men,
Alas ! they care not what they do.

Vile cat ! if it would not be wrong,
In death I now could wish thee sobbing ;
I'll tell my friends, both old and young,
How thou hast used a poor starv'd Robin.

'Tis thus it fares with human kind,
In age, and want, and pain, and grief;
In search of ease, full oft we find
Sorrow, where we expect relief.

A SICK BED :
ITS PAINS AND PLEASURES.

AGAIN I see the Morning's dawn,
 'Tis Sabbath, day of holy rest ;
Millions this day shall hymn thy throne,
 "Lord over all, for ever blest !"

Is it that thou unworthy deem'st
 Thy feeble child, that here I lie,
Counting the hours by feverish dreams,
 Or waking but to groan and sigh ?

My stomach heaves, my head is pain'd,
 My eye offended shuns the light ;
And, like a hopeless slave enchained,
 I chide the tardy steps of night.

Where Christians meet I cannot join,
Ev'n truth's sweet voice I could not bear ;
The notes of praise, although divine,
Would be offensive to mine ear.

Still I have joys, even while in grief ;
Nor is it least that there should be
One hand ~~that fain would give relief,~~
One tender heart ~~that feels for me.~~

How oft that hand has been my stay ;
How oft that heart has sooth'd my cares ;
And could this sickness aught allay,
'Twould be the cordial ~~she~~ prepares.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE,
ON THE OCCASION OF THE HONOURABLE MR. WILLIAM
WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM ATTAINING THE AGE
OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS, JAN. 18, 1833.

ALL hail, great heir of Wentworth's noble line !

Wealth, freedom, titles of illustrious name

Await on thee, thy manly brow to twine

With honour, glory, and ennobling fame !

Thousands of hearts exulting hail'd thy birth,

Thousands of voices echoing rose sublime ;

'Twas a bright pledge received from heaven by earth,

That 'loved Fitzwilliam's name should live through
time.

Thy virtuous mother—sainted now above—

Tears of maternal joy hath o'er thee shed,

When, meekly kneeling to the throne of love,

She sought heaven's blessings on thine infant head.

Nor less thy sire, illustrious, hath essay'd,
With virtue's fire thy bosom to expand ;
Virtue like that which Cæsar's senate sway'd,
When shone Rome's glory wide as her command.

Nor hast thou, noble youth, e'er stain'd thy name ;
Free generous science has thy prowess own'd ;
Proud seats of learning glad record thy fame
In lists more glorious than Ausonia crown'd.

Thine eyry bright hath fortune fixed on high ;
Let not ambition miss her glorious mark ;
Soar like the Eagle to thine home—the sky,
Through the world's sunshine, or its midnight dark.

See ! fair Britannia beckons thee away,
Her phalanx proud divides to make thee room ;
A nation's senate calls*—obey, obey !
Haste, haste ! the patriot heroes bid thee come !

* This was written on the eve of a General Election.

Thy noble father needs thy virtuous aid ;
For tyranny hath freedom's sinews broke,
With griping hand hath seized the people's bread,
Aid thy brave sire to break oppression's yoke.

Plead, plead the cause of Erin the oppress'd—
Let not her foes insult the listening skies ;
Why should the Vulture tear the Lamb's soft breast,
Till sorrowing nature hear its piteous cries ?

Thy country, sounding with loud freedom's cry—
Thy grandsire, tottering on the brink of life—
Lov'd Rookingham, from his bright sphere on high—
All, all command thee to the glorious strife.

All hail, great heir of Wentworth's noble line !
Wealth, freedom, titles of illustrious name
Await on thee, thy manly brow to twine
With honour, glory, and ennobling fame !

ADDRESS TO SHEFFIELD,

WRITTEN IN 1833,

SOON AFTER THE AUTHOR'S COMING TO RESIDE THERE.

HAIL, Sheffield ! seated 'midst thy mountain's grey,
O'erlook'd by Nature's mounds, and villas gay ;
How do I love to tread thy busy streets,
Where smiling Commerce with her children meets.
Thy merchantmen of far-famed enterprize,
Renowned for faith beneath far distant skies,
Are gladly welcomed whereso'er they roam,
For truth, in every clime, secures a home.
Thy sons intelligent,—thy daughters fair ;
Pure as the dew which scents the morning air ;
Themselves are virtues most effectual guard,
Its brightest ornament and rich reward.

Hail to thy Fanes, where the Supreme, adored,
Owns his meek worshipper and seals his word :
The very skies above thee seem thine own,
Nature's bright canopy—thy hills her throne !
I love thy hearths, where peace and joy abound,
For artless hospitality renowned :
Thy steely blades, sent from thy thriving mart,
Are emblems of thy truth,—and not thine heart.

Hail to the genius of thine ancient Sires,
Whose inspiration still thy children fires ;
Science and art combine to weave thy crown,
And time shall hand thy well-earned glories down.
The lov'd Montgomery, child of sacred song ;
Elliott, who hurls his thunderbolts at wrong ;
Chantrey, whose chisel breathing statues wrought,
And "Hallam's Bentham," worshipper of thought,
All these, and more, illustrious names, are thine,
And in eternal fame shall "classic Sheffield" shine.

How well the historians page* time past recalls,
When mail-clad warriors trod thy castle-halls,
• Hunter's Hallamshire.

When Sheffield's hero taught proud France to yield,
And Talbot's name* was England's sword and shield,
But, oh ! thy sons were abject—side by side
Walked people's vassalage and lordly pride.
I envy not that Scotland's beauteous Queen
A prisoner on thy battlements was seen,
Till stern Elizabeth pronounced her doom,
And jealous pride consigned her to the tomb.
Far gladlier I thine enterprize confess,
Thy strife for freedom and thy crown'd success,
When princely Norfolk† with deserved applause
Offered self-interest in fair freedom's cause.

Thus soaring genius's bright eagle nest
A stranger seeks within thy shade to rest ;
Deign to accept his wish for thy renown,
And be thy candour o'er this effort thrown.

* See Shakespere's King Henry VII.

† His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, although a large
Borough proprietor, was a zealous promoter of the passing
of the Reform Bill.

ON OBSERVING A DOVE

PERCHED OVER THE DOOR OF A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Ah ! pretty, peaceful, timid, dove,
Why choose thy standing there ?
Why, emblem fair of peace and love,
To Discord's house repair ?

What ails thee ? Is thy house assailed
By Hawk, or chattering Daw ?
And when thy peaceful arts have failed
Seek'st thou redress by law ?

Or do domestic woes, poor dove,
Oppress thy sorrowing heart ?
And can thy spouse unfaithful prove,
And from thy side depart ?

Fly hence ! apart thy woes bewail,
For, will thy heart find ease,
When Discord takes thee by the tail,
And eats thee for the fees ?

ACROSTIC.

R eligion fair, descending from the skies,
E ntered my lowly cot,—oh, blest surprise !—
L ove in her train, and Heaven-adoring fear,
I mmortal hope and holy joy were there.
G rief disappeared ; dull sorrow fled away ;
I n mirth and gladness passed each sun-bright day :
O h ! praise and blessing, God of love ! be thine,
N ow and for ever, for thy gift divine !

G

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

God bade the Earth exist,—and forth it sprang,
When all the morning stars together sang :
Then first was heard the music of the spheres,
Destined to charm the sage in future years.

God said, "Let there be light!" and, as He spoke,
From darkness the effulgent glory broke ;
But, when to crown creation, God designed,
He called to council His infinite mind.

"Let us make man," said the Eternal *Will* ;
Dread *Power* stood forth the mandate to fulfil ;
Wisdom was by, the wondrous work to scan,
And thus was formed God's earthly image,—man !

Love saw the work, and deem'd it incomplete,
Laid forth the new formed creature at his feet ;
Took from his opened side a vital part,
And formed *fair woman all of soul and heart.*

MAY.

ABROAD I saw young May dance in the fields ;
Beneath her feet was Flora's carpet thrown ;
Her music was the song the sky-lark yields,
And thick around her, gladsome joys were thrown.

Her sandals were the winding hedge-rows green ;
Her zone, th' horizon, streaked with brilliant hue ;
Spring's fairest blossoms round her neck were seen ;
Her head-dress was the sky's ethereal blue.

Awhile I stood to gaze upon her charms ;
Bright rays of joy beamed on my raptured mind ;
My ear was deaf to the world's rude alarms,
And care was thrown to the next passing wind !

And thus, my heart exclaimed, when time is o'er,
Shall the thrill'd soul exult with bliss divine ;
When sorrow's clouds o'ercast the mind no more,
But Heaven's bright spring eternally shall shine.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
EARL FITZWILLIAM, FEB. 23, 1833.

WHEN frail humanity aspired to fame,
And sought at Fortune's hand a deathless name,
High Fortune own'd she had no power to save,
And plunged her votary in oblivion's grave !
At length, famed History, child of science, rose,
With power to stem time's current as it flows ;
Bade patriot hearts pant for their country's weal,
Whilst she aloft their endless fame would seal :
Fair History's mandate many a heart obey'd,
And thus to earn deserving fame essay'd :
Some in the battle-field have sought renown,
When hateful tyrants trampled freedom down ;
Others, for science shine in lasting fame,
Or loved philanthropy, like Howard's name :
And late, t' increase the long illustrious line,
FITZWILLIAM ! History's page has added thine.

LINES

ON HEARING MR. C. MORTON'S COURSE OF GEOLOGICAL
LECTURES, DELIVERED BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF
THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, IN FEB. AND
MARCH, 1833.

BRIGHT star of science ! how divine thy ray,
When thus employed t' illume man's earthly way ;
To lead his steps from nature's darksome night,
And shed on truth's bright page serener light ;
Thus taught, we seem, ere years began their course,
To watch creation at its awful source :
On nature's first-formed hill to muse sublime,
And talk familiar with the infant Time.
How rolls in fancy's eye the chaos grand !
Owning no power but the Supreme command ;
But, when God's Spirit brooded o'er the earth,
Fair order started into beauteous birth.
The hills, the vales, the rivers and the main,
Earth's flowery carpet, Heaven's bright spangled plain :

God made them all, and "Good" each part declared,
But in their beauty, eye nor heart had shared.
"Be quickened dust!" God said, and at his feet
Atoms conjoin and quicken as they meet;
Each sinew, bone, and limb, its part sustains,
And man, earth's monarch, o'er creation reigns.
But, ah! how few were man's primeval hours,
Sudden, and dark, hell's tempest o'er him lours;
Thick moral mists long ages round him roll,
And fiends environ his benighted soul.
At length, a ray of light shot through the gloom,
Seers, taught by Heav'n, foretold bright days to come;
The Star of Bethlehem rose in kindling might,
All nature hailed its Heaven-directing light;
Science and truth shone forth in its bright train,—
And man, in love, once more shall rule his wide domain.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

JOHN Droughty-man's minute remains
Within this narrow mansion lie,
Whose stomach set on fire his brains,
And with Alcohol burnt them dry.

A Retort was his body frail,
From which his soul exhaled away;
And *nought* remained for Heaven or Hell,
And *little* for his kindred clay.

MIDNIGHT IN SHEFFIELD.

DEEP midnight fell on towns and towers,
As slowly lagg'd the lasy hours ;
From slumbers deep amazed I woke,
And heard Time's awful heralds talk.

Paul spake aloud in point of time ;
Old *Peter* sent it back in rhyme ;
George raised his hands, and muttered thunder ;
James mute remained in fearful wonder ;
Proud *Philip* scorned to tell the tale,
And silence was in *Mary's* vale ;
But, the stern *Justice Hall* resounded,
The echo 'gainst my heart rebounded.
So awful was the truth they *toll'd*,
I heard no more,—my blood was cold !

A YOUNG MAIDEN'S EVENING PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR A JEWESS LADY'S ALBUM.

God ! whose presence I believe ;
God of morning ; God of eve ;
God of yonder sun of light ;
God of yonder stars of night ;
God of Heaven, of earth, of air,
Hear a lowly maiden's prayer !

Thou who made those worlds that move,
Madest me, great God of love !
'Twas thy power that formed my clay,
Lighted up my spirit's ray,
Gave me home, and friends,—and still
Keep'st my footsteps safe from ill.

Father ! may the lot be mine,
In the lowly vale to shine ;

And do thou, O Israel's King,
Shield me with thine outstretch'd wing !
Bless my parents, God ! this night ;
Keep them till the morning light ;
Guide my brothers with thy hand,
Guard, oh guard my sister-band !

And, oh Father ! (such thou art,)
Keep, oh keep my youthful heart ;
May no sinful thought remain,
Which a maiden's breast might stain :
Ever be my God and friend,
Keep, oh keep me to the end !

TO MR. AND MRS. F———,
ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN CHILD.

THE rose, or the lily, when opening to light,
In the garden, or greenhouse, is lovely to sight ;
But, oh, there is nought in all nature so fair,
That with love-hallowed infancy's form may compare !

My friends ! you have long felt the passion inspire,
Breathed, glowing, from nature's harmonious lyre,
But now, a sweet chord in each bosom you find,
Which vibrates with extasy new to the mind.

Oh, yes, and 'tis blissful to gaze on the charms
Of the heart-thrilling object you fold in your arms !
And then to anticipate reason's soft dawn ;—
'Tis pleasure unbounded,—'tis rapture unknown !

A HYMN FOR COLLIERS,
WRITTEN DURING A SOJOURN WITH MY FRIEND,
JOSEPH BEAUMONT, STEWARD OF THE
WORSBRO' WORKS.

GREAT God of earth, and sea, and sky,
Thy providence is always nigh :
Where'er thy creatures wandering rove,
They find the footsteps of thy love.

The husbandman who tills the soil ;
The sailor cheerful in his toil ;
The crowded city's active band,
All own thy power and guiding hand.

And shall not we, Father of all,
On the same bounteous goodness call ?
And can'st not thou in cavern's deep,
Thy children's lives in safety keep ?

Though doomed to grope, where light of day
Ne'er sent one soul-inspiring ray,
Thy everlasting truth and grace,
Shall find our souls a resting-place.

And when life's evening shadows fall,
And death's dark night envelopes all,
May our freed spirits soar above,
And love thee in the world of love !

LINES

SUGGESTED BY MR. EDWIN SMITH'S

FIGURE OF A CHILD SLEEPING.

CHERUBIC emblem of each mother's boy ;
Picture of innocence, truth, hope, and joy !
O'er this fair sight, what parent but would stay,
And gaze until he lov'd the lifeless clay !

Beautiful childhood ! mirror of true bliss !
Reflection of the next world, seen in this :
A pattern and a pledge to mortals given ;
A foretaste of the unuttered joys of Heaven !

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED
TO HALLEY'S COMET,
WHICH IS SAID TO RE-APPEAR EVERY 75 YEARS.
WRITTEN AUGUST, 1835.

HAIL ! ceaseless wanderer through boundless space !
Dost run, 'midst congregated worlds, a race ?
From whence thou comest, how I long to know,
And whither, hoary pilgrim, dost thou go ?

'Tis said, ere Ptolomy, or Egypt was,
Or Homer sang, or Tubal worked in brass ;
(Or aught was known of earth-created man,
Thy vast interminable flight began.

When infant Time play'd round our sunny sphere,
Then with thy mighty train thou hover'dst near ;
Duly thy visits to our world were made,
While Greece in splendour rose, and Rome decayed.

Thou saw'st old Judah's Heaven-built temple stand,
Joy of the earth and boast of many a land,
Till Rome's fierce eagle pounced upon her prey,
And bore, in pride, the lion's heart away.

Thou saw'st what time by truth and meekness sway'd,
Beneath the Cross mankind their passions laid ;
And when the golden age of Heaven-born Pan,
Smiled transiently on care-distracted man.

Giant of Nature ! how thou seem'st, from far,
To stride with mighty steps from star to star ;
Art thou, as monarch of the milky way,
Taking of thine own realms a wide survey ?

Or, art thou herald to a greater king ?
And dost thou, as of yore, Heaven's judgments bring ?
When last earth saw thee, did thine influence stain,
With blood of Wolf, Quebec's dire battle plain ?

Since thou hast on thy last long journey been,
What mighty revolutions earth has seen !

Didst thou, when out on ether's ocean far,
Hear Europe groan when rolled in blood and war?

But tell us, if thou canst, whose boundless flight
Is past the planetary orbs of night,
What hast thou seen and heard in other spheres,
Where angels live in joy, or men in tears?

Has Jupiter its horrid battle-plain
Where death rides victor o'er his millions slain?
See'st thou on any sphere the courtly ring,
Where reason cringes at the name of king?

Has Mars a Bourbon, or a Brunswick race?
Holds traitor Thiers or patriot Melbourne place?
Has Herschell's realm, a line of recreant peers,
Sworn to destroy the fruit which knowledge bears?

No matter,—run thy race and run with speed,
Pursue thy mighty course, which Heaven decreed;
But, ere our children's children look on thee,
France, Poland, Russia, England, shall be free!

ASHBOURNE.

HAIL, Ashbourne! seated on thy gay hill-side,
Where Nature decks her in her summer pride;—
Her own fair map, with strokes of art between;
Who that once saw it ere forgot the scene?

Field, wood, and lawn, with sheets of water fair,
And distant hills, high tow'ring in the air;
The church's spire, the mansion, and the cot,
Grav'd on the memory, ne'er can be forgot.

Full many a pilgrim, Ashbourne, hast thou known,
Wending to view thy monumental stone,
Where contemplation gazed, was still, then wept,
As fancy deem'd, the beauteous maiden slept!

Ashbourne! when centuries have o'er thee sped;
When all that move and breathe in thee are dead,

Still Bankes's chisel'd monument shall be
Fame to himself, Penelope, and thee.

Penelope, the young, the fair, the cold,
How many mourners have thy story told,
When back to towns and villages remote,
They turned, with tidings of thy Ashbourne fraught !

Since thy fair form, sweet maid ! rejoined its clay,
Though thrice ten years of time have passed away,
Genius so well preserves thy image here,
That still affection sheds the tender tear.

Ashbourne ! 'twas in thy friendly homes, so well
Great Johnson loved with classic friends to dwell ;
'Twas in thy precincts that his virtuous mind
Built half the pile his knowledge left behind.

Within the self-same homes, I too have felt
How faith soared upward, while devotion knelt ;
My soul has fired, where Johnson's footsteps trod,
Beneath the sky, where nature worships God.

Kind hospitality ! to thee I owe,
That thus inspired I write this record now ;
Obedient to thy call I left my home,
With kindred hearts thro' Ashbourne's scenes to roam.

Through neighbouring Dove-dale, too, well-pleased
I've strayed,
Where dells o'erhung are wrapp'd in endless shade ;
Where waiving woods a canopy supply,
And mountains, piled on mountains, pierce the sky.

Thy sons, fair Ashbourne, are a virtuous band ;
Thy virgins are the flowers that deck the land ;
Thy aged men in sober wisdom shine ;
Thy matrons lovely, as the clustering vine.

Farewell, sweet scenes, where'er my footsteps rove,
I'll treasure you within my fond heart's love ;
Farewell, Farewell ! though time and distance part,
Ashbourne ! thy memory's graved upon my heart !

THE PRESS.

Now reigns Apollo,—earth hath told
Its brazen and its iron ages ;
The Press brings on the “ Age of Gold,”
Foretold by inspiration’s pages.*

Sing earth, thou wilderness of time,
Creation’s desert, rise and sing ;
Thy wastes shall glow with summer-prime,
And with eternal concord ring !

Ye tyrants, tremble on your thrones !
Despot ! the hand upon the wall
Has writ thy doom,—I hear thy groans ;
I see thy helpless—hopeless fall.

The sky of liberty ne’er shone
In ages past so fair and bright ;
The Press we hail,—The Press alone,
Brings freedom, power, and life, and light !

* Isaiah, chap. LX. &c., &c.

THE CORONATION OF VICTORIA :
A LOYAL PRAYER.

VICTORIA ! many a mother's wish,
And many a maiden's earnest sigh,
And many a father's heart-felt prayer,
For thee, this day, ascend on high.

" God save Victoria !" hearts exclaim,
From sea to sea,—from shore to shore ;
Nor less my humble verse essays,
" God save Victoria, evermore !"

Save her from flattery,—though her path
Be daily compassed by deceit ;
From snares of hell and courtly wiles,
Alike preserve her youthful feet.

Save her from folly,—Oh ! 'tis sad
To think what follies, thrones have seen ;

God! let the world a *wonder* see!
A humble, wise, and virtuous Queen.

Save her from bigotry; that blight
Of friendship, honour, truth, and love;
Assassin of man's peace below,
Usurper of God's throne above.

Save her from pride;—that royal sin,
Dread curse of all the kingly race;
And, if a miracle 'twill need,
Make her a miracle of grace.

Where toil-worn labour stoops, oppress'd,
At home, or o'er the distant waves,
May her bright deeds of justice show
Victoria scorns to rule o'er *slaves*.

“God save Victoria!” hearts exclaim
From sea to sea,—from shore to shore;
And when her reign on earth is past,
“God save Victoria, evermore!”

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES
OF THE EXHIBITION COMMITTEE.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
And if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good Sir, in aue
 Whaise heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
 Aught that belang'd ye.—BURNS.

DURING the early months of the year 1839, a Public Exhibition was held in the Music Hall, Sheffield, for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institution. For the greater part of the time a Committee of Management met nearly every evening. At these meetings, as a matter of course, much serious business was transacted, as well as now and then a degree of irrelevant trifling. It was rather, however, as a means of amusement to one of its assemblies, and with a view to satirize the general failing, than to blame this committee in particular, that this piece was written; in fact, although not altogether void of the common fault, I thought this committee, on the whole, as efficient a one as I have known. Indeed, two considerations entirely removed the difficulty which would have existed in other similar cases. First—the Exhibition Committee certainly had upon its list of names some of the most characteristic individuals which Sheffield contains. Secondly—being, several of them, in no small degree

literary, and all of them possessing improved tastes, I was in no fear that my good-humoured, though satirical lines, would be misunderstood, or that they would be taken for anything more than a usefully intended and entertaining *jeu d' esprit*.

"THE coffee-table is completed ;—

'Tis eight o'clock,—come gents, be seated ;

And, while the essence each distills,

Let wit flow out in copious rills.

Eaton ; what, lagging ! haste, man, haste ;

Your ogling makes time run to waste :

Mitchell, Law, Fowler, glad to see you ;

Rodgers, West, Hobson, grace be wi' you."

Thus *Fairbank* spoke to his Committee,
Which speech t' have lost, had been a pity.
That Chairman best performs his duty,
Who studies well the line of beauty :
I mean in composition—not in
The rounded cheek and dimpled chin.
Who means to rule a club, or meeting,
With courteous words must give them greeting ;—
Must soft his oily words let fall,

As, on the meads the dew-drops small ;
Or, on the dead, the velvet pall.

All things arranged, while saucers clatter,
They talk of miscellaneous matter :—
Of tickets, and what number's cast up ;
What cash in bank is now lock'd fast up :
Of lawyer's bills ; of doctor's lotions ;
Of famed amendments, speeches, motions :
Last night's adventures in saloon ;
Or what took place to-day at noon :
Of dandies' airs—buffoons' grimaces ;
Of ladies, and their fair sweet faces :
And who, for which, is inly yearning,
And love's delights in secret learning ;
And who'll succeed, and who'll be cheated ;
With ten *et ceteras* repeated.

Next vanishes the crockery ware,
With, " Order ! order ! gents, chair ! chair !"
Silence obtained,—with serious face,
Like Scotchman o'er his noon-tide grace,

Fowler begins in order meet,
The last night's minutes to repeat.

• MINUTES.

- " 1st, That Wilkinson shall have the rust,
Of all the cutlery ware in trust.
- " 2nd, That Rodgers James shall be a porter ;
- " 3rd, That Robinson shall be cut shorter ;
- " 4th, That Sewell oftener play and longer ;
- " 5th, That Milburn bigger grow and stronger ;
- " 6th, That Johnson still a joiner be ;
- " 7th, That Mary Ellis make the tea ;
- " 8th, That Ince o'erlook the frames and glasses ;
- " 9th, That Rodley shake the lads and lasses ;
But that, to make things more beseeching,
We don't allow such long loud screaming ;
- " 10th, That Sykes is a fine label-writer ;
- " 11th, That the Boy Charles grows hourly brighter ;*
- " 12th, That Widdowson hold down his head ;
- " 13th, That baby Chrichly go to bed ;
- " 14th, That Master Printer change his station ;
- " 15th, That boys with boards walk through the nation ;

* Unfortunately the hits in this list,—if there be any,—will only be understood by such as were acquainted with the individuals and the circumstances.

- " 16th, That Rodgers Miss and Mrs. Gill,
 Sell ginger-bread and jelly still ;
- " 17th, That Parnell be ordain'd to shine,
 A muse among the tuneful nine ;
- " 18th, That sub-committees be appointed,
 To see if Etty's double-jointed ;
 And, that henceforth we all may know him,
 Chadburn, in microscope do show him ;
- " 19th, That the cash-takers *take* the cash ;
- " 20th, That the Police take all the trash ;
- " 21st, That Farrin—keeper of the door,
 Be allowed, as well as sleep, to snore ;
- " 22nd, That this Committee, at its rising,
 All in a row, enjoy capsizing."

Here ceased the Secretary reading,
When, straight up started young *George Eadon* ;
With arms out-stretched upon the table,
Although to stand upright well able ;
His dark eye 'neath his dark locks gleaming,
And on the Chairman brightly beaming ;
In short, with all the courteous airs

Which speakers shew to Chairman's chairs,
He thus commenced—

“ With your consent,
'Tis, Mr. Chairman, my intent,
To make a most important motion :—
But, that you each may have a notion
Why thus I make it,—yesternight,
While walking in the brilliant light
Of the saloon, I soon encountered,—
Would you believe it, Sir ? high-mounted,
And, sprawling upward—fie upon it !
A louse upon a lady's bonnett ! !
Gentlemen ! my sickened heart grew fainty :
Of ladies I have loved twice twenty,
But, so disgusting looked this monster,—
Woman !—by wholesale I've renounced her.
And now I move, with your permission,
They're banished from the Exhibition ! !”

No sooner had the speaker ceased,
Than up rose five or six at least :
But, first of all the anxious row,
The Chairman's eye caught *Joseph Law* ;

Who looked, when in the act to speak,
Just like Demosthenes, the Greek ;
Or, as in ancient classic dome,
The long-famed Cicero of Rome.

“ Though, Mr. Chairman, 'twill be hard,
For one offence to be debarr'd
From all communion with the sex,
Yet, 'tis enough one's soul to vex
To be compell'd to hear it said
A louse was on a lady's head !
And though 'twill be a self-denial,
I'll bear, and nobly bear, the trial ;
Though lovely heretofore I deem'd them,
And, even as Angels bright esteemed them,
Oh ! now I wish them in the ocean,
And, therefore, second Eadon's motion.”

Not to be disappointed twice,
Up rose *Paul Rodgers* in a trice ;
His grizzly locks, devoid of grace,
Stared round a furrowed, sharp, thin face,

He looked impatient as he stood,
And thus began in fretful mood :—
“ Sir, I shall hate myself, entirely,
If we commit ourselves thus direly.
Shall we, for fault of one, thus banish
The sex ? Why all delight would vanish :
And, gentlemen, I'd like to know
What henceforth you intend to do ;
You'll count the numbers o'er with sorrow
When you sum up accounts to-morrow.
What ! mope among the sculpture's graces
Without the lovely ladies' faces !
—I'll leave the room this very minute ;
I think the very deuce is in it !
—No, but I won't :—to make an end
I thus the motion will amend :—
' To advertise from this Committee
That ladies come all clean, and pretty.' ”

The speaker ceased—not ran away,
When, *G. H. Hobson*, fresh as May,

Rising, look'd doubly independent,
And said, "I second the amendment."

Here, several made essay to speak,
But, *David Mitchell*, (not the meek)—
Succeeded ;—Reader ! he's a wonder ;—
I've seen him look a look of thunder !
Not stout in person,—neither tall ;
But pleasing in his air,—withal,
Agreeable. His frame is slender,
And, judging by appearance, *tender*.
He speaks !—

"I, Sir, have a great notion,
Friend *Rodgers*' is a right good motion ;
And, Sir, that it may have effect,
All such transgressors to detect,
Hobson and *Rodgers*, I suggest,
(They're graver, far, Sir, than the rest,)
Might be empower'd to take aside
Wenches devoid of decent pride,
And lecture them on brush and comb,
Or send the lazy creatures home."

Though *Mitchell* spoke in serious mood,
By some, a joke, 'twas understood :—
Nor do my own suspicions halt,
He loves to catch a friend in fault.

Next, *David Johnson* felt inspired,
And to defend the sex desired :
Johnson, in person, neat and fair is ;
To be so every quaker's care is :
But more—he is a man of merit ;
Love's freedom, both in speech and spirit.
Now, wishing 'twixt extremes to steer,
And from rash measures keep quite clear,
He, with a grave becoming air
Rose up, and thus addressed the chair :—
“ *George Eadon's* motion is not good ;
Paul Rodgers', too, must be withstood :
Were females banished from the hall,
Our prospects soon would have a fall ;
And were we straight to advertise,
'Twould much offend their comely eyes.
I would not publish such alarms,

Nor would I banish female charms :
Each shews the sex he does not hate,
When he resolves to take a mate :—
I therefore move, ' the damsel's sought,
And to the next Committee brought ;
That *Francis Fairbank* her reprove,
And that she's left at large to rove,
And, that the maidens' still we love.' "

He ceased, loud thunders of applause
From the Committee's table rose ;—
West, Ellis, Booth, on tip-toes stood ;
J. Linley shouted " Hear him !—good !"
Chadburn, although with voice sonorous,
Vainly essayed to swell the chorus :
The Chairman bawled, and bowed, and beckoned,
No matter, for in half a second,
(It is as true as you're alive,)
'Twas seconded at least by five !

You'll deem the weighty matter ended ;—
You're wrong,—'twas still more marr'd, or mended :

Fowler had silent mark'd the ditty,
Which thus had roused the whole Committee :
No sophist, silvery-tongued is he,
Word following word, soft, full, and free ;
Nor stands he speciously to shew it,—
'Tis his to rise at once, and do it.
At duty's call he straight appears,
Stranger to base-born, coward fears :—
Fond, from a boy, of sports gymnastic,
His frame is agile and elastic ;
And now, uprising from his chair,
He thus began with serious air :—
“ Sir, I'm surprised, beyond endurance,
To see the immodest, strange assurance ;
To hear the vile, unseemly scandals,
Which this Committee nightly handles !
Ere now, we've voted black was white,
But, should our work go forth to night,
We'll prove to country, town, and city,
We are a paltry, base Committee.
What we've to do, it quite surpasses,
With amorous lads, or wandering lasses.

George Eadon, Sir, is doubtless joking :
I know *P. R.* *he* must be talking :
But, the next gentleman I name,
Far, far above the rest I blame ;—
Friend *Johnson*, prudent, each supposes,
Yet he, of all the world, proposes,
A culprit wench shall hither come ;—
Come here, Sir, to this very room,
From your own lips to take her doom !
Can you take fire, and not be scarr'd ?
Can you touch pitch, and not be tarr'd ?
Better than you, Sir, none can know,
That, sure as rivers downward flow ;
That, sure as upward, flame ascends ;
That, sure as virtue heaven-ward tends,
So surely men and maidens' meeting,
Unless opposed by care befitting,
To lightness leads and vanity,
If not to love's insanity.

“ Now, my sincerity to prove,
A third amendment thus I'll move ;

' That to set *Eadon's* heart at rest,
He go to sleep on mother's breast ;
And, that friend *Rodgers* take no harm,
We wrap him in a blanket warm ;
That, to save *Johnson* from quandaries,
We have him nightly pinched by fairies.' "

Next, with admired, majestic pause,
And manly grace, *George Dalton* rose ;
His look—personified decision ;
Speech,—mathematical precision.
Although his youthful fire is gone,
His age owns not an eye of stone :
And though but fifty-five his years,
A good hale grandsire he appears :
Of frame athletic—though of late
Affliction dire hath changed his state.

" I'm sure, friend *Fowler*, Sir, is right,
To prove it, I'll afford you light :—
They say some wits are thrown askance
When midnight fairies on them glance ;

'Tis also said, when folks grow old,
Sense may go wry, through catching cold ;
'Tis known, some brains their weight can't carry,
When young, and dreaming soon to marry :
Apply then, these remarks to all ;
To *Eadon*, *Johnson*, and to *Paul* ;—
Sir, since they've all behaved so madly,
I second this amendment gladly."

But who is this that slowly rises,
And round the table briefly eyes us ?
Though worn, and bent, his figure's fine ;
Is he some reverend sage divine ?—
'Tis Sheffield's Bard of stream and moor ;
'Tis England's minstrel of the poor ;
While tuned his lyre to notes of sorrow,
Of want to-day, of woe to-morrow,
His amaranths sweetly scent the gale
Adown the Don's delightful vale :
The lightning his on Stanedge gleaming,
And his the sun on Rivelin beaming ;—
'Tis *Elliott*, see, you may descry

The wild Muse peering in his eye ;

He speaks,—

“ Sir Chairman, hark !

The cat *will* mew, the dog *will* bark,

The ass *will* bray, the lamb *will* bleat,

The poor *must* pay, the rich *will* cheat,

In short each thing throughout creation,

Fulfil its own peculiar station :

Even *Eadon*, *Johnson*, and friend *Paul*,

The lady, and the louse, and all,

Work out, of nature some decree ;—

Who then will nature thwart ?—not me !”

T. Carstairs did not rise at all ;

Perchance he thought himself too tall :

No matter, none o'erlook'd or lost him,

And, as he sat, this idea cross'd him :—

“ That, of all things, it should stand clear,

Whether the intruding creature were

A louse ; and t' have the truth detected,

It first of all should be dissected ;—

'Twould not cost much ; if they'd allow it,
Fairbank, and he, and *Law* could do it."

To this suggestion all consented,
And, as by none 'twould be prevented,
The assent was given by Chairman's bow,
Aided by *West*, and *William Lowe*.

With cloak close buttoned 'neath the chin,
Ironsides had just come bolting in :
To stand in doubt he can't abide,
Therefore his cloak he cast aside,
And, " Mr. Chairman," (thus commenced)
" I'd like from you to be incensed
What is the meaning of this talking ?
Has some suspicious wench been walking
In the perlieus of the saloon,
By gas-light, or by light of moon ?
And have our friends, by *Elliott* named,
Been guilty ? or been falsely blamed ?"

No sooner were the inquiries made,

Than thus the courteous Chairman said :—

“Nor has suspicious wench been seen ;
Nor have our friends imprudent been ;
Nor has false charge, (’twould be a pity,)
Been made ’gainst member of Committee.

I trust we’re all as pure as snow ;
At least I hope—believe—’tis so,—
I’ll answer for myself and *Law*.

The matter, *Mr. Ironside*, is——

——Dear Sir !—I wish you would not quiz :

I scarce know what to say at all ;—

Some filthy thing, that’s said to *sprawl* !

(I wish her foot had been upon it,)

Was seen upon a lady’s bonnet !

Be seated, Sir, you need not doubt it,

But soon you’ll hear enough about it.”

Not very tall, nor very portly ;
But neat in dress—in manners courtly,
Rose *Bramley*—lawyer by profession,
And took, of chairman’s ear, possession.

“ Sir, there are several points of law,

Which this Committee ought to know :

If *Eadon*—who, I own's a genius,

Should banish every living Venus,

Justice requires, to be in keeping,

That straight we part with her that's sleeping.*

Besides this point, there are, I ween,

Others, whose import is not seen ;

And, till their meaning is found out,

They rest in *inter leges doubt*;

Which means a wide chaotic limbo,

Where reason reels and flies a-kimbo.

Thus, Gentlemen, I hope you see

The case as clear as A. B. C.

But, if there still remain a doubt,

Gainsford and I will find it out."

Thus spake, (this speech was rather truant,)

Bramley, the honest, wise, and fluent.

(My muse regrets that *B. T. Stannus*,

Had unawares that night out-ran us ;

O'er coffee he had sat and talk'd,

But out, ere *Eadon's* motion, walk'd ;

* The "Sleeping Venus," which was in the Exhibition.

Else, how I'd liked t' have had a fly
'Midst the clear sunshine of his eye ;—
His dignity—proportions fair ;
His every manner, grace, and air ;
His well-built frame—full six feet one—
—(His head might be Melancthon's own,—)
His bearing noble—voice so fine,
In short, his powers which all combine
To make him, in most eyes appear,
Without superior or compeer !)

R. Otley rose to give a hint,
He hoped 'twas not impertinent ;
" Should *Johnson's* motion pass, he thought,
As well as the offender sought,
Twelve sober matrons should be brought ;
The offence might have been accidental,
And might, withal, prove detrimental,
In fact, might give a needless pain
To one, quite clear of moral stain.
But still 'twas possible that she
Both guilty and perverse might be ;

Now, all such maladies to cure,
He thought—believed—felt doubly sure,
Whate'er the merits of the rest,
The Social System was the best :—
Take twelve good ladies, fond of talking,
Let her endure a good tongue-walking,—
And when they'd lectured her a season,
If still she did not yield to reason,
He'd say, to meet her rude defiance,
Just send her to the Hall of Science."

Now paused awhile the whole Committee,
Till *Mitchell** rose, the wise and witty :—
Alas, to find; I know not where,
With him, fit pattern, to compare :
King Louis Philippe, (wisdom strike him !)
Must have a courtier very like him ;—
But whether Dupin, or Molè,
Passy, or Barrot, I can't say :
He rose to speak, but vainly tried,
And laugh'd, till nearly split, his side :—

* Mr. Isaac Mitchell.

"I wonder gentlemen have halted,
I really felt myself exalted !—
But, by-the-bye, 'tis a great pity,
The reckless waste of this Committee :
Should *Johnson's* strange amendment pass,
Who'd seek for nought, the wandering lass ?
I think he'd be a wond'rous ass !
So likewise *Paul's*, to advertise ;
Has he inquired its needful size,
And what will be its certain price ?
, 'Twould not cost much,' says friend *Carstairs* ;—
Methinks, how much, no humbug cares ;
Besides, good gents., upon my word,
We are ineffably absurd !—
My wits will brook no longer stay,
They'll quite evaporate away !—
Hah ! hah ! hah ! hah !"

(*Several Voices.*)

"Chair ! chair !"—when, straight, uprose the chair,
And with profoundest, gravest air,—
"Do *Mr. Mitchell*, pray be serious ;
Your conduct, Sir, is quite mysterious ;

Sir, I protest, by all the lotions
Within my shop, they're proper motions.
Perhaps you deem the thing to be,
Beneath our care or scrutiny ;
Now, if I'm not mistaken found,
We tread on philosophic ground,
And thus I'll prove it.—Well I trow
You are aware, that, long ere now
Great Robert Burns stood in the plight
Which *Eadon* braved the other night ;
And, should the matter just now stated
By *Carstairs*, be investigated,
The hateful creature, chance, may be
Found Scottish in its pedigree ;
Of the same genus, species, class,
As Robin saw on Ayrshire lass ;
Being found so, we'll need no apology
For settling points of entomology.”
“ Now for the motions in rotation :—
Eadon moves excommunication
On all ;—*Rodgers* the door would shut
Merely against each dirty slut ;—

Johnson would bring the fair offender
Hither :—that speech of mine might mend her ;—
And *Fowler*, (which I think a pity,)
Would punish members of Committee.
Myself, I own incompetent
To reason on this strange event ;—
Howe'er, 'twill give you no surprize,
With *Eadon* that I sympathize.
But still you have a serious duty,
To judge 'twixt justice stern, and beauty.
Now then, without another word,
I first must put amendment third :—
All who are for it—one-two three :
The contrary—'tis lost you see.
Next *Johnson's*—two-four-six-eight-ten-eleven :
The contrary—two-three-four-five-six-seven.
Johnson's amendment's past, and all
Must stand prepared for what befall.

TO MRS. WILLIAM HILL,
(LATE MISS MARTHA OSBOENE, OF NORTON WOODSIDE,)
ON HER MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL TO SHEFFIELD.

1840.

MARTHA ! when from this vale of life below,
Up to your native paradise I go,
Crowned, like the hill of Eden with fair bowers,
Where Love and Friendship spend their happy hours !

Towards you my heart reverting heaves a sigh ;—
“ Why did she leave this beauteous scene ? ” I cry ;—
Oh, is it not as though an angel bright,
Stooped to this dull earth, from the realms of light !

Martha ! you gave, at least, a stronger token
Of woman's love, than could by lip be spoken ;
And, blush not, lady, worthy is the youth
To whom you freely pledged your heart of truth.

But glad am I, the beauteous scene you left,
Is but of *one* delightful flower bereft ;
And Woodside's dear attractions ne'er shall cease,
While *Mary* stays to bless the home of peace.

And you, oft when the morn shall wake the plain,
Towards loved Woodside shall turn with glee again ;
Nor wonder if, far off, a parent's eye,
Though dim with age, a long-loved child descry.

Adieu ! dear Martha, deign t' accept my lay ;
May bliss attend you to life's latest day ;
And, when at last your joys of life shall cease,
May joy attend you in the realms of peace !

A HYMN TO CHRIST.

LET mortal voices join to sing,
The praise of their Eternal King ;
Jesus ! the noblest of mankind,
Worthy to rule in every mind.

Unmeasured gifts of grace were shed,
By Heaven, on his devoted head ;—
Champion of truth, through life he trod ;
Though "Son of Man," true "Son of God."

Knowledge enriched his holy mind ;
Meekness with power was sweetly joined ;
Deep piety his breast inspired ;
Love, fervent love, his bosom fired.

"Blest be the humble poor !" he said,
While thousands on his bounty fed ;

He healed the sick,—restored the maimed,
Mercy to erring guilt proclaimed.

He felt his country's wrongs, and wept,
Saw Heaven's deep vengeance where it slept;
Jerusalem ! how fain had he
From Rome's fierce Eagle sheltered thee !

Nor did his fervent zeal abate,
When slandered by malignant hate ;
He loved poor sinners, e'en to death,
And blessed them with his dying breath.

Almighty God of truth and grace,
Who Jesus gave to save our race,
Grant that his bright example given,
May lead our wandering steps to Heaven.

MY SICK BOY.

WRITTEN APRIL 13, 1840.

WILLIAM! my hopeful, buoyant, mild,
Intelligent, truth-loving child ;
How oft my heart has swell'n with glee,
While silently I've looked on thee.

Thy graceful form, and ruddy face,
And lightsome step, and bounding pace ;
Thy thoughtful tenderness and love ;
And judgment,—far thy years above ;
Thy taste for literary lore ;—
All these have pleased me o'er and o'er.
Alas! these now are pleasures past ;
Thy morn of brightness is o'ercast !
How sad t' anticipate the gloom,
And silence of thine early tomb !

To see that eye which fondly gazed
On us, by death's cold finger glazed ;
Thy limbs all stiff, and thy poor head,
Laid on its low and clay-cold bed !

Sometimes the darkness seems dispers'd,
And Fate's decree by Hope reversed ;
Death's spell gives way, dissolved, and broken,
By every health returning token.
Again we see thy cheek so fair,
Its hue of rosy freshness wear ;
Again we feel the sweet presage,
That thou wilt be our prop of age.

Dear boy ! thy brothers sadly mourn,
And long to see thy health's return ;
Thee fain, fain would thy sisters keep,
And sorely each thy loss would weep.

William ! when will thy welcome feet,
Again the well-known cottage greet,
Where, ten miles off, hearts now bewail thee .

And *one* above the rest would hail thee ?
Pensive she sits, infirm with years,
And mourns thee with her falling tears ;
When wilt thou run, as erst thou did,
Glad to perform whate'er she bid ;—
Whether to seek the eggs, or bring
The water from the neighbouring spring ;
At night to drive the cows away,
Or house them at the close of day ;
Or to be culling cowslip's fair,
To adorn the room and scent the air ;
And then to sit at day's decline,
Listening her tale, or telling thine ?

As the fair lily, pink, or rose,
Within the garden, tended, blows,
So thou, more lovely, sweet, and fair,
For twice seven years hast been our care :
God loves the flowers, child, and shall bring
Thee to behold a brighter spring ;—
On earth, if health again be given ;
If not, eternal spring in Heaven !

'Tis April now, sunshine and showers
Visit alternately the flowers :
Oh ! what will summer sunshine see,
My William ! when it looks towards thee ?
God help thee, child, whate'er betide,
Might I go with thee,—side by side !

[THE subject of the preceding lines, died on the 22nd July following ; and it gives me a melancholy pleasure (having obtained the writer's leave,) to record the following testimonial of real sympathy, which the occasion called forth.]

Bank-street, 23rd July, 1840.

My dear friend,

Accept the following tribute of sympathy and friendship, imperfect though it be. It may be valuable as proceeding from the heart, and as a token from

Your friend in truth,

FRANCIS FISHER.

FRIEND of my soul ! on thee the chastening hand
Of God hath late been laid, but yet in love ;
Thy humble faith hath been severely tried,
And in deep sorrow hath thy heart been steeped.
Yet trust, my friend, in love divine, and let
Thy tears be mingled with immortal hope.
E'en while thou gazest on the placid brow
Of him, thy loved one, may the consolation strong

Of Christian faith, and deathless hope be thine !
Thy lost one is not dead, but only sleeps,
And shall awake to life, eternal life.
Though he shall not return to thee, yet thou
Shalt go to him—a spirit glorified ;—
And in the realms where sorrow cannot dwell,
Thy boy and thou shall meet, no more to part.
There shall no pang be felt, no tear be shed,
But ev'ry earthly sorrow far removed.
God bless and comfort thee and thine, who mourn
Awhile ; and may he dry your tears, and deep
Impress upon your bruised hearts the truth
Which here I sing with feeble note, but feel
Enshrined in my soul, while tears
Of sympathy bear witness to my song.

THE HEART'S PRAYER :

WRITTEN FOR A DOUBTING FRIEND.

God ! who made all things, what thou art,
I long to comprehend ;—
Wherefore thy Universe was made,
And what my being's end.

Dark gathering clouds of unbelief
O'erhang my troubled mind,
Whilst, 'mid conflicting human creeds
No guiding light I find.

The dawn of human life, how bright !
How dark the night of age !
Whilst, of the land beyond death's flood
Thy hand inscribes no page.

Of thine existence, I can read
Full many a brilliant line,
Where Nature's volume aids my sight
In each admired design.

But, if omnipotent thou art,
Oh, wherefore pain for man ?
And why arrive, so soon, the hour,
Which terminates his span ?

Existence is thy own free gift,
But, why a creature form
To gaze towards Heaven awhile,—then sink
Vile partner of the worm ?

With thunder arm'd, my fellow man
Bids me believe thy word ;—
Oh, could I find thy sacred truth,
I would embrace it, Lord !

My brethren call me “ infidel !”
Cast out my name with scorn ;—

Despised, abandoned, hopeless, sad,
I wander forth forlorn.

“Lo, here!”—“Lo, there!” while men exclaim,
From them I turn away ;
Father ! one gracious smile of thine
Would change my night to day.

Truth, in thy bright blue sky I read ;
Truth in the eternal sea ;
The stars, the mountains, and the streams,
All, all are truth to me.

But why not man's eternity
Engraven on the sky ?
Why not the ocean's voice proclaim,
“ Mind shall not, cannot die ?”

God ! am I not thy own weak child ?
Parent ! to thee I look :
Teach my dull heart to understand
Thy own mysterious book.

Or, if distressing doubts and fears
Are part of Heaven's wise plan,
To train, and discipline, on earth,
Heaven-born, immortal man,

I yield, commanding reason bids,
'Twere impious to repine ;—
I'll seek, in life, pure virtue's smile,
And hope, in death, for thine.

ON RECEIVING A VISIT FROM
MISS BEAUMONT,
THE DAUGHTER OF MY EARLY FRIEND, AFTER AN
ABSENCE OF TWELVE YEARS, 1841.

WHEN, after twelve long years of absence past,
Sarah ! 'twas told me you would come at last,
I pondered long, and ransack'd memory's book,
To find one record of your form and look ;—
'Twas vain, thoughts indistinct and wild
Still only show'd you when a little child ;
At your own door you met and welcomed me,
Or, prattling, playful, smiling, climbed my knee.
Oft as I tried, 'twas thus, against my will
I vaguely fancied I should see you still !

But we have met, dear Sarah, once again,
And, though I miss your childish looks with pain,

Intenser joy is mine, while now I trace
Each token of maturer maiden grace.
Fair outward form,—with inward meekness joined,
Are Heaven's best gifts bestowed on woman-kind ;
And these are yours,—I hoped it ere I saw,
But, Sarah dear, *I hope not now, I know.*

Child of my long-tried friend, right glad am I
Thus to renew the joys of years gone by ;
When, with warm hearts your sire and I began,
Combined in hope, to live the life of man.
Since then, dark days of sorrow we have seen,
With, (thanks to Heaven !) some sunny hours between ;
But, while with virtuous love, our children bless us,
And while their mothers' faithful hearts caress us ;
Whate'er, in life's dark future may betide,
No power can harm us travelling side by side.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

TELL me not,—though worn with years,
“Life is but a vale of tears ;”
Sage experience this declares,
“Life has pleasures mixed with cares.”

Sweetest Childhood ! can I ever
Joys of thine forget ? no, never !
Memory's fairy fields are thine,
Brighter still in life's decline.

Wedlock ! by its fruit surrounded,
Is a scene of bliss unbounded ;
Have you felt the tumult wild,
As you clasp'd a first-born child ?

Knowledge ! manhood's brightest treasure,
Source of never-failing pleasure !

'Tis a joy surpassing time,
Born for Heaven's immortal clime.

Friendship ! gift of Heaven, imparted
To the warm and single-hearted ;
Poesy's heart-soothing lay,
Given to cheer life's cloudy day.

Tho' old age is worn and weary,
Virtue's path is never dreary ;
And, when life's last joys shall fade,
Hope immortal yields her aid.

Say not then,—when worn with years,
“ Life is but a vale of tears,”
Though three-score and ten to-morrow,
Joy is mixed with age and sorrow.

TO MASTER HENRY LENTHALL,

ON HIS COPY OF

"THE INFANT CHRIST."

LENTHALL ! how well thy pencil hath pourtrayed,
And on the Cross the Infant Saviour laid.
Those beauteous limbs ! mark how composed they rest ;
While not a dream disturbs that sinless breast.

What was it, artist, which thy fancy led
To stretch the meek one on that rugged bed ?
Emblem of self-devotion, sure, 'twas meant,
His own enduring love to represent ;
Or, chance, thy pencil would immortalise
Some well-known parent's pious sacrifice :—
And, worthy was it of thy best essay
Of art, Faith's noblest conquest to display !

At least, by this fair token t'was designed,
To teach submission to the suffering mind.
I, too, dear youth, have felt the inward smart,
When my loved child was severed from my heart;
And, oh! what more can sanctify the loss,
Than thus to lay it on the Saviour's Cross?

LETTER

FROM THE AUTHOR, AT SHEFFIELD, TO HIS FRIENDS
MESSRS. JOHN FOWLER, AND G. H. HOBSON,
AT BIRMINGHAM.

WRITTEN APRIL 27, 1842, DURING THE LATE PERIOD
OF BAD TRADE AND CONSEQUENT DISTRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

I'm glad to hear of your improvement
In health, and of your homeward movement ;
You ask, "How shall we find the town ?"
I'll try to put each *item* down.

With dust in streets quite *quantum suff* ;
With chimney smoke not half enough :
With wind still east ; with sun still shining ;
With food still dear ; with trade declining ;
With manufacturers pulling faces ;
With men, by hundreds, out of places ;

With shops still closing, more and more,
Till you may count them by the score,
From Highfield to the Railway-station ;
(Bankruptcy some—some emigration.)
With none—though all the rest are striving—
But lawyers and bum-bailiff's thriving ;
With warehouses and pop-shops cramm'd ;
With whigs despised ; with tories damned ;
Children for bread on mothers calling,
While mothers' tears in showers are falling ;
With haggard looks in every street,
Where happy smiles we used to meet ;
With hearts that melt at human pain
Dissolving like soft summer rain !
With troubles thus accumulating
Sheffield is your return awaiting.
Yet come, dear friends, I long to greet you,
Already do my wishes meet you :
'Tis true you cannot end our grief,
But sympathy will yield relief.

'Tis said, and I, in part, believe it,

Although for truth you may'nt receive it,—
'Tis said, some reverends here have laid
A plan to re-produce good trade :
They've found—for all the chartist's ranting,
'Tis two more parsons we are wanting ;
One to secure the Poorhouse walls,
Another for the Infirmary's halls.

I know not if those gents. are striving
To see th' exhausted fund reviving :
I hope they've preached, as well they might,
Of misery shrinking from the light ;
I hope they've told of visits paid
To wretches needing rich men's aid :
Sighs for the poor, they surely breathe them,
Such feelings would not be beneath them ;
The Christian knows the Scripture lore,
How Jesus bless'd and fed the poor.

God help the poor ! God help the nation !
God help our helpless legislation !
God help the parsons,—and their actions ;

God help the whig and tory factions,
Lest their own deeds should re-imburse them ;—
God help the people, lest they curse them !

'Tis a sad ditty this—but true ;
It wounds my heart,—'twill wound yours too ;
Weak, faltering reason stands aghast,
And wondering asks—" how long 'twill last ?"
" How long 'twill be ere Soveriegn Mind,
Assumes her throne, and rules mankind !"

LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM L——.

DEAR WILLIAM,

We received the token,
From you, as if the dead had spoken :
You've been so long an *absent* friend,
We fear'd your love's untimely end.

Thanks ! for the scrap-book, and your letter ;
Your "Bonny Doon" could not be better ;
"Roche Abbey,"—oft immortalized,
You've sketched where 'twill be dearly prized :
Your "Rural Bridge" I've seen before,
'Twould be a gem amidst a score.
Thanks for each typographic dell ;
None else had done them half so well.
Nor from your note less joy we're reaping,
Because it tells us you'll be "peeping :"—
We like your "peeps,"—they please even better
Than pencil sketch, or friendly letter.

On Saturday, we'll hope to greet you ;
Friend F—— and I are sure to meet you :
Besides the coffee cups prepared,
E—— will have the room well aired.
You'll find it pleasant—so shall I,
After six days through wet and dry,
To interchange kind words and hearts,
Till joy is crowned, and care departs.

F—— will entertain your hearing
With wondrous facts of Goyder's* speering :—
But of all facts, 'tis sure the oddest,
Goyder finds F—— is over modest!

Friend G. H. H. is far away,
I wish him home some early day.

Greet, with our love, your still kind sister,
Why calls she not ? we long have missed her.
Much more, I wish to ask and tell,
But, till to-morrow night, farewell.

* The Phrenologist.

THE FALL OF THE "MAN OF GOLD."

WHEN Asia ruled the world, it came to pass,
Tyranny raised at Rhodes, a *Man of Brass* !
From shore to shore his legs were stretch'd so wide,
Beneath him, noblest ships were seen to ride !

But Time, a mightier Tyrant, levels all,
And Greece beheld the world's seventh wonder fall ;
How rocks would echo when the giant fell ;
Earth tremble, and, perchance, far distant Hell !

And thus it was, when Europe late was told
Death had slain Rothschild, the great "*Man of Gold*!"
The world of commerce shook, and, still more strange,
The rocks were melted, for they *wept on change* !

ANSWER TO THE INQUIRY,

"HOW DO YOU BEAR THE APPROACH OF AGE?"

You ask me, dear friend, "how age bears
With its feeble, irresolute power,
Life's weight of concentrated cares,—
And its Shadows of Death—as they lower?"

Yes, I'm old, and what age has not grief?
Age is life's drear and sorrowful waste;
But, the memory of years' gives relief,
And I dwell with delight on the past.

Loved scenes of my infantine years,
Loved home of affection and truth,
Loved beings, long sacred to tears,
Loved feelings of friendship in youth.

Bright moments of thrilling delight,
Eternally fix'd on my heart,
When my loved one gave back my love-plight,
And we pledged us we never would part !

On these—as I wander by day,
I commune, to neutralize care :
And on these, as at midnight, I lay
Alas ! to contend with despair.

Thus the joys that are gone, I recall,
And the present survives on the past :—
For the future—whatever befall,
My God is my Friend—to the last.

SOUTHPORT.

WRITTEN DURING A SOJOURN THERE, AUG. 16, 1844.

SOUTHPORT ! thou art of villages the queen,
Crown'd on the margin of the briny sea ;
From where dark Sheffield's murky clouds are seen
We come, to have lost health restored in thee.

Bright, healthful village ! in no history's page
Is any record of thy past renown ;
While England's sun shone out from age to age,
Thou rested in obscurity unknown.

Thou seem'st an Ayrshire town, for bare-legged boys ;
A gipsy-camp, for laughing, brown-faced lasses ;
A Birmingham, for thy bazaars of toys ;
And a Jerusalem alone, for asses.

Thy cottages are neat, thy mansions gay ;
Thy streets from morn till eve in constant motion ;
Around thee, everlasting sand-hills lay,
Thrown up and washed by the eternal ocean.

Hail to thy hospitable hearths of gladness !
Hail to thy stalwart sons and smiling daughters !
Hail to thy bright blue skies, dispelling sadness !
Hail to thy breezes and thy healing waters !

Receive us invalids, all weak and weary,
From the pent city, or the cold, bleak mountain ;
'Neath thy pure skies life feels no longer dreary ;
We drink thy pure air like a healing fountain.

And when we homeward turn, restored from sickness,
Well pleased again each friendly face to see,
We'll bless Heaven's soothing hand, in grateful meekness,
And, " Queen of villages," we'll honour thee !

WRITTEN
ON SEEING THE BODY OF A SHIPWRECKED MARINER
BROUGHT INTO SOUTHPORT FROM THE SHORE,
WHERE IT HAD BEEN CAST UP,
AUG. 18, 1844.

ALAS! pale, bloated, stiff, and noisome corse,
The wild sea knew no pity, no remorse,
When life contended with the fatal wave,
And call'd in vain on earth and heaven to save.
Oh, dismal destiny!—oh, fate severe!
To gasp and shriek—then sink in silence there!
Poor, luckless mariner, thy voyage o'er—
Thou now art landed on thy last, last shore:
What thou hast been, we vainly seek to scan;
But thou hast perished, and thy name was—man.
Where are thy friends, who, smiling, bade adieu?
Thy wife, who sigh'd as thou thy lips withdrew?

Perchance thy cot adorns some village green,
Where now thy children at their sports are seen.
Long, long, alas ! thy absence they will mourn,
And cry in vain for their lost sire's return.
How sad to perish with no pity near !
To be interr'd without a falling tear !

TO WILLIAM, IN HEAVEN,
OR THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH.

JULY 22, 1845.

"HAPPY, thrice happy, he who relies on the Eternity of the soul—who believes, as the loved fall, one after one from his side, that they have returned "to their native country"—that they await the Divine re-union: * * Who comforts his weariness amidst the storms of time, by seeing, far across the melancholy seas, the haven he will reach at last—who deems that every struggle has its assured reward, and every sorrow has its balm."—BULWER.

'Twas a sad day, and still remembered well,
William! when to our hearts thou bade "farewell!"
When on the nine who wept thy bed beside,
Thou looked thy last,—then turned thy head and died.
And sadly many a day, since then, has passed,
Till five long years have worn away at last.

My William ! was thy spirit conscious, say,
When from thy grave we turned, in grief away ?
And, hast thou mourned thy mother's tears to see,
When many a night she's waked to weep for thee ?

I well remember, when thy death-bed nigh,
I sat, to see thee weep, and hear thee sigh,
Till thy eased heart its latest wish set free,
The wish, " that thou should'st ne'er forgotten be."
Fond, feeling child ! without such pledge, full well
Wast thou assured within our thoughts to dwell :
For, neither lapse of time, nor change of place,
Can thy loved image from our hearts efface.
What though thy form hath joined its kindred clay,
And all thy looks of love have passed away,
Ere the dear memory of thy worth departs,
Our heads shall be laid low, and cold our hearts.

Meantime, could science, fond affection, faith,
Or aught reveal the sunless realms of death,
William ! how do I yearn to pierce the veil,
And gaze on scenes where the immortals dwell !

No matter,—good must be what goodness sends ;
Faith shall confide, till knowledge comprehends ;
Short is the path which leads to death, my child !
Where **LIFE** and **DEATH** and **ALL** are reconciled.

[I HAVE already, in my preface, made a slight apology for writing Enigmas. It may further tend to dissipate criticism if it be stated for what purpose they were written. Having brought up a family of children, and having always been of opinion that training young minds is best effected by mixing innocent amusement with graver lessons of wisdom, it has been a point with me not only to avail myself of as many sources of entertaining instruction as possible, but, also, of inventing new ones when special occasion called for them. The domestic circle supplies the happiest scenes in life; and no man is mis-spending time or mis-applying talents who tries to prolong and heighten its enjoyments. It is related of King George the Third, that, on a Foreign Ambassador being introduced to his private apartment, the monarch of the British Empire was engaged in a gallop round the room with one of his children on his back, and that he merely stopped to enquire if his visitor was a married man, ere he finished his royal romp. Such familiar condescension to the natural, innocent, and useful ways of children, is more worthy of the rational man than many are aware; at least I have always thought so, and for the same reasons have often joined in their amusing exercises, told them stories, and *written them enigmas*. As my book will most likely fall into the hands of various kinds of readers, I hope, the grave critic will not be displeased with what may usefully employ and gratify the young.]

ENIGMA, No. 1.

ALTHOUGH I'm known in every land,
From Greenland's wastes to India's strand;
You'll deem it strange, I never roam
One moment from my own "sweet home."
My house is formed with wondrous taste;
Its walls with ivory are incased:
Its folding doors, which ope' at will
Exhibit most amazing skill:
My couch, where softly I recline,
No royal bed was e'er so fine.

Coeval with the earliest sage,
I've lived with man in every age;
In Paradise, where angels walked,
Familiarly with them I talked;
I spake, by Moses, to King Pharoah,
I went with Abraham to woo Sarah;
I hobbonob'd with Great Balshazzar,
With Daniel, and Nebuchadnezzar.

My morals, I confess, are various,
Sometimes upright, sometimes precarious ;
Sometimes I join the hymn of praise,
Anon, the drunkard's song I raise ;
In virtue's cause full oft I preach,
Though oft in harlot strains I teach.
The strangest paradox am I !
I hate not, yet I vilify ;
I love not, yet in blander tones
None utters forth his love-sick moans ;
I understand not, yet I teach
Whate'er the intellect can reach ;
Although I never doubted any,
None ever questioned half so many :
Indeed, I fill the Attorney's place,
I'm Lawyer to the human race.

No. 2.

WHAT mortal intellect can trace my birth !
I am the first-born of all things on earth ;

Ere Adam was, or the first reptile crawled ;
Ere new-born sky on new-born ocean called ;
Ere the first breeze had swept the greensward o'er ;
Or first the sun had beamed on waste and moor ;
Ere stars had twinkled forth their distant light,
Or night had called to day, or day to night,
I stood approved, full in my Maker's sight.
I saw when Judah from the Egyptian fled ;
I saw the waves close o'er the mighty dead,
When Pharoah's warriors found their ocean bed.
I saw the ashes on Pompeii laid ;
I saw the grave of Herculaneum made ;
I saw when man's Divine Redeemer died,
And when Jerusalem proud Rome defied ;
I saw when first the Christian banner found
Its home,—where still it waves, on British ground ;
I saw the Printing Press—mind's vast machine !
Rise, wizard-like, to change the earth's wide scene ;
I saw great Washington, far o'er the wave,
From British tyranny his country save.

These great events I've seen in ages past,

Nor, gentle reader, have I seen my last ;
When thy poor dust has slept a thousand ages,
With all thy learn'd contemporary sages,
I still shall figure on my mighty stage,
Where men shall see my works from age to age,
Till ruin through the universe is hurled,
And the last fire enwraps the flaming world !

What though I've neither hands, nor feet, nor will,
I'm said to move, and fly,—but ne'er stand still,
While 'neath my care succeeds each well-laid plan,
I sweep to dust each cob-web scheme of man.
I cure the ills which doctors cannot reach ;
More than all books and learned lips I teach ;
The sage, the poet, literati, wit,
I am the critic, to whom all submit ;
And many a new-born fancy, big and fair,
Straight at my bidding vanishes in air ;
I am the great reformer of all things,
Of art, and nature,—governments and kings ;
And, would the Chartist trust his cause to me,
Gladly I would his country's Saviour be ;

Whate'er is bad, I purpose to destroy ;
Whate'er is good, shall live a life of joy ;
I govern all events, both great and small ;
In short, though nothing, I am all in all.

No 3:

I HAD a little protege—a most enchanting elf,
Whom, to say truth, I did esteem, part of my very self;
In fondness she accosted me, she brought me food and fire,
And she procured me friendship, too, e'en to my heart's
 desire.
Whatever trouble me assailed, she quickly brought
 relief,
And her fair presence, any time, would terminate my
 grief ;
But, oh ! too pure for earth, by far, she saw the realms
 of light ;
And, when she'd whispered me farewell, there made
 her beauteous flight.

No 4.

OF Africa I am the stay ;
Asia by me doth rise and fall :
I compass wide America ;
In Europe I'm not found at all.

No. 5.

YE mortal men give ear to what I say ;—
O'er all the earth I bear imperial sway :
Kings rule by me, and are my servants all,
From India southward, to the frozen pole.
But, though in many a land I wear a crown,
None more than me doth wander up and down ;
With real gentlemen, and those misnamed,
With gamesters, vagabonds, and villians famed ;
With merchants, misers, spendthrifts, and buffoons ;
With English simpletons, and Scottish loons :
Though, if I were the honest truth to tell,

'Tis chiefly with the rich I love to dwell.
Constant at market I have ever been ;
At church, on Sundays, I am seldom seen ;
I teach the soldier how to face his foes ;
I teach the lawyer how to win his cause ;
I teach the sailor o'er the seas to ride ;
I teach the wooer how to win a bride ;
I teach the lawn-sleeved bishop how to preach ;
The cobbler how to patch a shoe, I teach.
With man in every clime, on earth, I dwell ;
But I am neither found in heaven nor hall.

No. 6.

GIVE ear ye frail mortals—the first-born of time,
The end of fair truth, and its author sublime,
In mystery speaks to the children of men,
Nor shall my brief accents be uttered in vain.
My dictates of terror what mortal shall scorn,
In mazes of error his folly shall mourn.

In the stars I am seen, and I flow in the tide,
Though man owns me not, o'er his thoughts I preside ;
Of the tory I'm fond, but the whig I despise ;
The truth is my own, I am found in no lies ;
Thieves cannot proceed but I lead in the van ;
I'm oft caught in net, although never by man.
Each tumult I raise, but I instantly quell them ;
When treasons are whispered, I'm foremost to tell them.
Both sides of a battle I join, with delight,
Though I never appear till the end of a fight :
Dishonour I shun,—I love etiquette,
And I fill the chief place at my lady's toilette ;
Now mark ! though by sunshine I never am known,
In twilight's extremes I distinctly am shewn.

No. 7.

ATTEND ye men of every clime and speech,
Whilst I in hidden words my nature teach ;—
And first, my age, I was brought forth ere light

Chased from this nether world chaotic night :
In Paradise I was an untold treasure ;
Without me Adam could have known no pleasure.
With Noah's ark the expansive flood I sailed ;
The top of Babel's lofty tower I scaled ;
With Lot from wicked Sodom I withdrew,
And left to choking sulphur, all its crew ;
From Herculaneum I escaped by flight,
When its tall towers were wrapped in endless night.
I am a traveller of great renown,
O'er hill and dale I wander up and down ;
The Eastern climes long since I traversed o'er,
And, ere Columbus lived, Magellan's shore ;
More North than Parry I have been by far ;—
In fact, I've sailed beneath the Polar Star !
Where foot of man ne'er wandered, I am found ;
I tread on ocean as on solid ground.
Mute, without me, would be St. Stephen's Hall,
And wrangling statesmen soon would cease to brawl.
To cheer his breast the sick man's couch I seek ;
Familiarly I kiss the maiden's cheek ;
Without my company none ere would roam ;

None without me can comfort find, at home ;
Without my aid none ever went, or came,
Or talked with friend, or ev'n pronounced my name !

No. 8.

THOUGH born 'mid elemental strife on earth,
From Heavenly pedigree I trace my birth ;
True friend to man, I aid him in his toil,
But most on Britain's busy sons I smile.
Should hell obstruct, or Heaven withdraw my power,
Down falls old England's glory in an hour ;—
Like Babylon of old, her arts would fail,
Her commerce sicken and her merchant's wail ;
Awe-struck her mariners would stand aghast ;
Her goodly ships on her own seas bound fast ;
Britannia from her greatness would be hurled,
And straight become the bye-word of the world !

But ah ! ungrateful are the ways of man,
In prison-house I spend my life's short span,

And strange ! the more I strive myself to free,
I but fulfil my tyrant's stern decree !
'Tis true I sometimes burst my bonds asunder,
Then woe to him who feels my arm of thunder !
But sure as on my foes I vent my ire,
Like Sampson, in the tumult I expire ;
And while beneath my power my tyrant dies,
I mount aloft to gain my kindred skies.

No. 9.

My texture was of silken mould ;
My margin was of shining gold ;
My face, as pure and spotless white
As if composed of threads of light.
I seem'd, when 'midst my fellows laid,
As if for love's own service made.

The brightest maiden in the land
Upraised me with her snow white hand ;

Laid me upon the rose-wood by,
And, as she sat, she heav'd a sigh.

Awhile she mused, and seemed in pain,
Ere long she smiled, and sighed again ;
Then lightly did her fingers trace
Some beauteous lines upon my face ;
Anon, 'twas wonderful to see
Her joys and griefs transferred to me !

A precious burden then I'd got ;
Thousands of heart-aches were my lot ;
Sometimes I swell'd with mirth and glee,
And none so lightsome shew'd as me ;
Fill'd with alternate hopes and fears,
With laughing joys and sorrows tears.

At last, abroad she made me start
The scape-goat of her love-sick heart.

Now maidens fair ! you know my fame,
And you can best reveal my name.

No. 10.

WRITTEN FOR THE EXHIBITION MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1840.

THERE is a thing to truth unknown,
Which yet is by experience shewn ;
It is not found in earth, or air ;
'Tis in no weather—foul or fair.

It is a wayward, curious creature,
Opposed, athwart, and cross in nature ;
Nothing without it is perplexed,
Extreme, excited, anxious, vexed.

In country it hath never been ;
In busy town 'twas never seen ;
By lecture you would try in vain
Its wondrous essence to explain.
No chemist by his art can find it ;
Learned magic cannot sieze or bind it.
To war and pestilence a stranger ;
Nor was it ever seen in danger.
It is not found in the great ocean ;
Nor in repose, nor yet in motion ;

Tho' not in form, state, or condition,
'Tis seen in every exhibition.

No. 11.

ALTHOUGH I am by work of man confined,
I yet can travel fleeter than the wind ;
Through streets, and lanes, and many a zigzag alley,
Beneath the ground and over-head I sally.
O, could I break the iron folds that bind me,
Vainly my master should essay to find me !
Or, had I but the tyrant in my cell,
I'd quickly send his soul to heaven or hell !
No matter, I'm no fool to nourish care,
And, when I die, I'll show the world a flare !

No. 12.

ALTHOUGH by no attribute, God-like sustained,
Ere Creation, a King universal I reigned ;

I live in the desert, I rest in the shade,
'Tis rumoured, in ocean's deep caverns I'm laid ;
I'm banish'd all cities, and markets, and meetings,
And lectures, and sermons, and farewells, and greetings.
I hear not, I see not, I taste not, nor feel,
I fear not, I love not, I hate not, nor will ;
I've no form, and no substance, no shadow, no being ;
Yet I'm named, and I'm wooed, and I'm followed when
fleeing ;

In the cell of the captive, I oft make him start,
And—that I were thence, is the wish of his heart ;
I cannot bear music—no matter how sweet,
Though sometimes I make its effect more complete ;
The babbler I hate, for I can't endure speech,
Yet I sometimes persuade where the tongue cannot teach.
By man I'm regarded, if wisdom abound ;
'Tis whispered, in woman more rarely I'm found ;
I'm a friend to the sick, when his spirits are fled,
And I'll be his companion when in his last bed.
Now reader, don't tempt me my secret to tell,
I'm as mum as the grave is, and closer than hell !

No. 13.

I'm sometimes short, and sometimes tall ;
I'm sometimes stout, and sometimes small ;
Though varied by each makers hand,
As upright as a post I stand.

Nine brothers have I, curious creatures ;
None like the rest, in form or features ;
Yet, true it is, you'd be delighted,
To see how well we're all united.
But most essential far am I ;
Without me all the rest would die.

To speak plain truth, where'er I go
I am the chief, as all men know.
At church, I am the first of all ;
At horse race, market, rout, or ball ;
I won the leger, last September,
The sweepstakes too, as all remember.
In short, co-equal I have none,
I am the great, the only one !

No. 14.

I HEAR, I see, I smell, I taste, I feel,
I hope, I fear, I hate, I love, I will ;
Although a thousand times destroyed I've been,
In ocean, earth, and air, I still am seen ;
I'm here, I'm there,—with peasant and with king ;
A powerful, powerless, constant, fleeting thing.
When Adam started from his long repose,
I woke him,—at my bidding he arose !
And, when he drank pure bliss without alloy,
I caused his new-born consciousness and joy ;
But, when he took of the forbidden tree,
The curse of disobedience fell on me.
I soar upon the wing of yonder dove ;
In ocean, with Leviathan I rove ;
I urge the flying courser in his race ;
I give the tardy snail his creeping pace ;
I range the forest, with the lion strong ;
Without me Philomel would have no song.
I am the greatest boon for which men pray,
Yet, strange it is, I'm sometimes thrown away !

Thou, reader, daily feel'st my wondrous power,
Nor will I leave thee till thy final hour.
But, mark ! when thou resign'st thy fleeting breath,
I go not with thee to the realms of death.

No. 15.

FROM man's abode on earth, a narrow way,
Upward ascending points to Heaven's bright day ;
Thither light airy forms are seen t' advance,
To meet their kindred in the vast expanse ;
Should any mortal by this path-way range,
His visage would endure an awful change.
Ladies ! 'tis not my wish you thus should rise,
But, oh, reveal which way this journey lies.

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